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The Grail



THE NATIVITY

—Feuerstein

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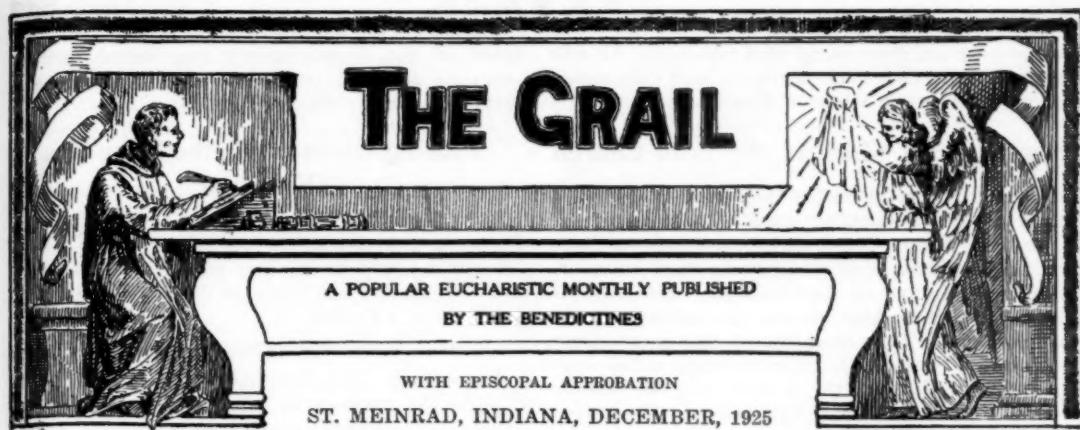
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They who frequently visit their God hidden under the Eucharistic veils, and who at the same time do not endeavor to reproduce Him in their own lives by making them conformable to His divine life, do not fulfil the end Our Lord had in instituting this Sacrament of union and love.—Abbe de Brandt.

Welcome

BERTRAND F. KRAUS, O. S. B.

Like a heart that is throbbing with love for its Guest, The red Lamp greets the Pris'ner of Love. Let our hearts also throb within welcoming breast, And invite there our Lord from above.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Prince of Peace

Christmas! What happy recollections the magic word throws upon the screen of memory. The delights of childhood at the approach of the joyful feast are heightened by the anticipation of gifts. Even the poorest child is seldom without at least some degree of happy expectation.

But the joys of Christmas are not alone those of the carnally minded. Christmas joy lies deeper and has its source in the all-pervading peace of the holy season. "A Child is born to us." This Child is Christ, the Prince of Peace. Princely gifts are in His outstretched hands: peace, salvation. He came to establish peace between God and man. He is the source of all true peace and happiness. Taking up His abode among men, a helpless Babe, Christ came to set up a Court of Peace—His Church—in which full justice should be meted out to all that have recourse thereto. Faith, with prayer and His wonderful sacraments, establishes and preserves this peace between God and man, between man and man.

Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since that first Christmas when Christ's mission of peace began. Yet comparatively few have accepted the conditions of peace that He laid down. Scarcely more than one-eighth of the human race have entered the Church that should bring them true and lasting peace both for time and for eternity.

While the saving of immortal souls is the work of the Holy Ghost, He generally uses men as instruments for drawing others to Himself. The good example of a Christian, his virtuous life, a seasonable word of enlightenment dropped at the opportune moment, taking up the pen in defense of the Church and her doctrines, are all means within the reach of the layman to draw men to Christ and His Church.

Other means at the command of every Christian to help his fellowmen find the peace of Christ are the

sacraments and prayer. But prayer, to be efficacious, must come from the heart; it must be earnest and persevering. The prayer which is a mere lip service, the hasty and distracted repetition from memory of forms of prayer, with little or no attention of the mind, cannot properly be called prayer, because prayer is a lifting up of the mind to God. It was of those who permit themselves to be occupied with voluntary distractions at prayer that the Savior spoke when He quoted the prophecy of Isaias, "This people honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me."

Among the numerous activities in the Church for the spread of the Gospel and for bringing all men under the standard of the Prince of Peace we find the International Eucharistic League under the Guidance of the Holy Ghost for the Union of Christendom. The aim of the League is to foster union and harmony among Catholics themselves, to bring back to the one true fold our separated brethren, to effect the conversion of all non-Christians. To attain this threefold end, members of the League make a short offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world. Besides this, they also attend an extra Mass occasionally, which they offer up for the same intention. Moreover, they offer up likewise an occasional Holy Communion that they receive. There are no other



THE HOME OF THE GRAIL CLAD IN OCTOBER SNOW (1925)

requirements and these do not bind under sin. All who wish to join the League are invited to send their names and addresses to the Editor of THE GRAIL.

Persecution a Mark of the True Church

It seems almost incredible that persecution should be, as it were, a mark by which the Church of the gentle and amiable Christ should be known—a mark that distinguishes it from the sects that have cut themselves off from the parent stock. That such is the case, a glimpse back through the history of 1900 years will prove quite conclusively. But we need not go back to former ages to prove the truth of this saying. If we look about us on every side, we observe that the same holds good of our times too. The hatred of the enemy of our salvation, coupled with the darkness of ignorance on the part of men, produces blindness of spirit that obscures the light of faith and engenders bigotry. Ignorance and blindness then, beget hatred and bigotry, and these, enkindled as they are by the evil spirits in the fires of hell, deprive men of the use of right reason and make them demons of fury. Their hatred of the Church is without bounds. The leaders of this unholy and unjustifiable warfare often stir up the ignorant to acts of violence.

Persecution of the Church is continual, but three of the principal outbreaks of bigotry in the United States occurred, first, in '50's, when the Know-nothings were on the aggressive; then, in the early '90's, when the A. P. A.'s stirred up the whole country to a white heat with blood-curdling stories of all that the Catholics, with the Pope at their head, were going to do; and, finally, in our own day when the "brave" knights of the triple K, shrouded in pillow slip and coverlet, have risen up to "defend" the nation against Catholics, Jews, and Negroes. Even the ancient Greeks, as history relates, had formidable enemies in the triple K's or Kappas.

But to believe that a church which worshipped for three centuries in the catacombs, which has been all but torn asunder by those of her own household, which has been constantly maligned and hounded throughout the ages—to believe that this should be the true Church, the Church which Christ established, is for multitudes outside the Fold a "hard saying", difficult of belief, and almost incomprehensible—a stumbling block. Yet, in these constant attacks that are made upon her, and in the unremitting warfare that is waged against her, we see in the Church the fulfilment of the Savior's prediction: "If the world hate you, know ye, that it hath hated me before you..... The servant is not greater than the master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." (John 15: 18, 20.) To show that the hatred of His enemies was unjustifiable, the Savior quoted the words of the Psalmist (Ps. 24): "They have hated Me without cause." And to console all who suffer for His sake He said in the sermon on the mount: "Blessed are ye, when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and

speak all that is evil against you, *untruly*, for My sake: Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven." (Matth. 5:11,12.)

Placing Obstacles in the Way of a Vocation

In his book, "The Creator and the Creature," Father Faber, in referring to the obstacles that are not infrequently placed in the way of a religious vocation, has the following paragraph in Chapter III on "What it is to Have a Creator":

HINDERING A TRUE VOCATION

The common misapprehension, which exists with regard to the doctrines of religious vocation, religious orders, and generally what is called priesthood, may be enumerated also among the mischiefs resulting from the popular oblivion of what it is to have a Creator. It would be difficult to exaggerate the fearfulness of hindering a true vocation, especially when we consider how often, not the perfection only, but the actual salvation of the soul is compromised by its disobedience to the call. The doctrine of vocation rests upon the fact that we are creatures. God has an absolute right to us. It is our business to be where He wants us, and occupied in the work He specifies, and we have no right to be anywhere else, or otherwise engaged. He has ways of mankind this special will and purpose known to us, which are examined and approved by His Church.

INTERFERENCE OF RELATIVES

Now relatives often talk and act as if the question were to be decided by their narrow views and individual tastes. They say too many people are going into convents in these days, and that domestic circles are being drained of all their piety. There are not enough secular priests, therefore for the present we must have no more monks. Active orders are suited to the genius of the day; therefore contemplative vocations are to be discouraged.

SALVATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL OVERLOOKED

They not only overlook the question of the person's own salvation, but they forget that the whole matter turns on a fact—has God, or has He not, called that particular person to that particular order? If He has not, then we must come to that negative decision in the way the Church indicates. If He has, then there is no more to be said. In either case, all these views about orders, and the wants of the present day, are very dangerously beside the purpose.

BEATING GOD

They may at last come to this; nay, they often have come to this:—God wants your brother or your sister in one definite place: you want them in another; and, taking advantage of the natural indecision of their free will, you have got your way, and beaten God. A bitter victory! If forcing vocations is wanton work,

and if touting for vocations is the malediction of religious orders, there is hardly any account a man had not better take to His Creator's judgment than one which is laden with the spoiling or the thwarting of a vocation.

NOT RECOGNIZING THE CREATOR'S RIGHT

It all comes from not recognizing the Creator's absolute right to His creature, and from not clearly perceiving that His will is the only thing to be considered. The same may be said of the popular notions of priesthood. It is enough to say of them, they are never found apart from a dislike of the supernatural altogether, and an uneasiness and impatience of any interference on the part of God, or of any reference being made to Him.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

Tests That Are Sin

Outside the fold of Truth, without a divinely appointed guide, the world has erred from this to that. Queer notions of morality are abroad, one of which seems to be that, to test another's virtue, all means are permissible. Thus in a recent motion picture a man ceases—as is often the case in movies—to love his wife. Her twin sister, a famous dancer, takes the wife and arranges her appearance so that they resemble each other absolutely. The husband sees the dancer perform, is captivated, seeks her,—but unwittingly gets his wife. Of course, she is his real wife; but it is in conscience that we sin. Yet people say it is clever. Yes, clever and wicked.

Another test of character is now being used by unprincipled educators. This consists of subjecting youths to temptation in various ways. Thus money is left unguarded while the boy is observed secretly. Again, he is given an excellent opportunity to lie, to cheat, or to commit even worse sins. True morality can never sanction such allurement to sin, even though the purpose be the boy's correcting.

Foolish parents, too, often do great wrong in this way. No sooner does a child reach sixteen than they thrust him out in society, unguarded, with the understanding that he is to see the world, see its wickedness, its dangers. The boy or, especially, the girl may be sullied by this foul contact, virtue may be entirely lost; yet these silly parents permit the wrong only that the child may "see for himself."

Let us remember that the end, however good, never justifies wrong means. We are not allowed to commit the slightest sin even to convert the entire world. Virtue can be taught better by urging to good than by subjecting to vice.

Santa Claus or the Christ Child

What will Christmas mean to your children? A feast centered around a fat, red-nosed, fearful individual dignified with the garbled name of a Saint; or a feast centered about the sweet Babe of Bethlehem? Let those who know not Christ have Christmas with the much-led-about Santa Claus; let us keep it with the Christ Child.

Saint Nicholas—Sankt Klaus—was wont to give gifts in the name of Christ. We should imitate him, too, at Christmas time especially. Let the children know the Author of all good things. From Him come our added joys at Christmas.

A Valuable Book

This is certainly the opinion of anyone who has read the suggestion of Miss Conger in the *Messenger of Our Lady of Sorrows* that someone who is competent make a collection of the best Catholic short stories. There are many excellent Catholic stories that deserve a more lasting preservation than is given by the ephemeral pages of a magazine. The short story is the popular form of literature and in book form a collection of them would be welcomed eagerly. As a missionary factor we can hardly overestimate the short story. Truths are often brought home in a story which might never cause serious thought when preached from the pulpit. Therefore, let someone who is zealous and capable take up this excellent idea and give us this much desired collection.

Lord, Thou wouldest show how far Thy excessive goodness can go, by giving Thyself to the most unworthy of Thy creatures.—Ven. F. De La Colombiere.

Holy Grail Sonnets

Dom Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

10. SIR PERCEVAL

The halls of fair Caeleon beside the strand
Did ring anew, as Arthur in full state
Sat high enthroned and knights did congregate
From furthest North to heed the new command.

Said Kay, the seneschal: "Unto our band
Great gain hath come, for here of high estate
A youth begs knighthood, who to small and great
Is wondrous meek.—Come, kiss the royal hand!"

"From Wales' most western isle to thee I sped,
And to thy nobles make obeisance,—
Who truly seem like glitt'ring angels dread!"

Then silence held the court, for from each knight
The sunshine fled to bathe the countenance
Of the true maiden youth with heavenly light.

The Christmas Box

E. R.

OH, don't let her worry. Give her plenty of amusement, good nourishment, carriage exercise, sunshine, above all, sunshine, and I think we shall pull her through." These were the doctor's orders and they fell on poor Mrs. Granville's heart like a load of lead.

Alas, for the cruel irony of these medical men. He scarcely knew the family, only saw the furniture was good, fine paintings on the wall, hangings of silk brocade, and the mother's dress fashionable, but failed to notice that it was worn and faded and that, though the day was cold, there was but a spark of fire in the grate and the coal scuttle empty.

"Take care of yourself, madam," he added, "you are doing too much, or you will be the next invalid. Good morning."

Mrs. Granville stood immovable as though turned to stone. She to fall ill! Then what would become of Yvonne? She recalled the doctor's words: "Change of air, generous diet, sunshine, above all, sunshine," (as though that celestial orb could be made to shine at will like the electric light, by pushing a button). If sunshine alone could save her, then Yvonne was doomed. Those dear eyes to close forever! Never more to meet her gaze, or smile upon her! Those dear lips never more to speak the sweet words "Mother"! Oh, it was too much, she could not bear it. From the depth of her heart rose a piteous cry to God, "Spare, oh spare my child!" As a child, in her youth, through her young married life, this woman's "way had been in the sea and her path through many waters." But she had ever looked up to God as her guiding star and her courage had not failed; but now, alas! she was well-nigh overcome.

Yvonne was one of those frail and tender natures that the blasts of misfortune quickly destroy. Transported suddenly from a life of ease and elegance to one of disguised poverty (that daily creates martyrs, without the glory of combat), she had never complained, but endeavored with a smile to aid her mother in the daily struggle with an implacable foe, till strength failed and she realized that her young life was ebbing away.

Their ruin had dated from two years previous. By the sale of their furniture and jewels, they had so far kept the wolf from the door, but they were now at the end of their resources. Mrs. Granville was a born artiste and had been taught by the best masters. Her painted fans and water-colored drawings always fetched a good price, but since Yvonne's illness she had

found but little time for painting. During the night she would prepare the designs to be colored next day.

At first, old friends had come to visit, but Mrs. Granville could ill spare the time for useless conversation and soon they ceased to call.

"Those Granvilles, dear, are so stuck up you dare not offer them anything. You can do nothing for them, so I never go there now." Yet none of these generous friends thought of enclosing a bank note in an envelope and sending it to their address.

Two or three only, as impoverished as themselves, remained faithful, doing all they could to assist. One especially, who supported her sick husband and four children by her pen, when Mrs. Granville tried to thank her, replied: "Oh, 'tis nothing. We love you, and then," here the speaker's voice trembled, "we know what suffering is, that's all."

The poor mother was roused from her sad thoughts by Yvonne exclaiming: "Mother, what are you doing there all alone? I want you. Can you come?"

Mrs. Granville went forward with an assumption of gaiety and a smiling face.

It was Christmas eve and Yvonne always chose her own Christmas box. What would she ask for this time, her mother wondered, and could she procure it for her?

"Come closer, mother darling, so that I can hug you. Oh how beautiful you look! I love your white hair." And the young girl gently smoothed the lock that had whitened all too soon.

"Silly child to talk such nonsense to your mother."

"It's not nonsense. You are my ideal of all that is beautiful, just as I am yours." And Yvonne laughed merrily.

"Now I am going to give you a surprise. I would like for my Christmas box—guess!"

"I cannot guess. Is it something big?"

"Oh no. Small, very small, but oh! so sweet, so luscious! And I am so thirsty. Could you—would you—get me a grape?"

Mrs. Granville remained silent for a few moments speechless with astonishment. Never before had Yvonne expressed a desire for grapes. Had her sickness turned her brain? Then came the thought: at this season they would cost a fortune and there was very little in the purse. However, she managed to hide her feelings and answered with a smile:

"I am glad, my darling, that you have told me what you would like."

"But will it cost too much? You won't have to break in on your reserve fund, will you?"

"Oh dear no. I will not have to touch it."

This was strictly true as the reserve fund existed only in Yvonne's imagination.

She dressed hastily, but tastefully, and was leaving the room when Yvonne exclaimed: "Mother, you have forgotten your umbrella."

"Oh I shall not want it. The sky is quite clear."

"It's sure to rain if you do not take it."

"Very well, I will to please you."

"And you'll come back soon, won't you?"

As she left the room, the poor mother raised her eyes to the painting of Our Lady of Dolors that hung over the rosewood cabinet. It seemed to look down compassionately on her. "Our dear Mother," she whispered, "what is my sorrow compared with thine?"

When Mrs. Granville found herself alone in the street, the smile faded away and such a look of anguish spread over her face that the passers-by looked at her with surprise and pity, and wondered who she could be and what was the cause. She walked on with a quick, firm step strangely in contrast with her white hair. When she entered the church, Mass had already begun, so she knelt down in the first empty bench, and, burying her face in her hands, sent up a cry of despair to her heavenly Father. "My child, O Father of Mercy, leave me my child."

The priest had left the altar before she rose from her knees strengthened and trustful of God's loving care.

Solely occupied about Yvonne's grapes, she hastened on, without noticing that clouds were gathering in the sky until the drops of rain began to patter on the pavement. Then she discovered that she had left her umbrella in the church. She retraced her steps as quickly as possible, but on reaching the bench where she had knelt, she found to her horror that the umbrella was not there. Someone had taken it. This was the last drop in her cup of sorrow, and now it overflowed. She burst into tears and, unable to restrain her feelings, sobbed aloud. It was the last remnant of her palmy days, the handle, silver-mounted, with her monogram in gold. Now it was gone—gone forever.

As she sat there weeping she heard the rain pelting against the windows. A storm had set in, how could she get home? The little money

in her purse could scarcely pay a cab—and then, Yvonne's grapes?

Completely overcome and utterly forgetful of where she was, or who could hear her, she rested her arms on the back of the bench before her, repeating over and over again in agonizing tones: "My umbrella! Oh my umbrella!"

A young man, who had taken refuge in the church, noticed her distress and, moved with pity, advanced towards her to offer her his assistance when, to his surprise, he recognized the beautiful and fashionable Mrs. Granville.

He had been absent for some years on scientific expeditions and had only just returned. The white hair made him doubt at first if it was really she, but as he drew nearer he recognized the fair features, though so sadly altered. Touching her gently, he whispered in her ear: "Do you remember Ando Taffe?"

She raised her head and stared at him with surprise, but made no reply.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

She looked at him with wide-open eyes and said in heart-rending tones: "Oh, I have lost my umbrella."

Ando was a l a r m e d. Though only recently arrived in London, he had heard of her misfortunes, and the thought crossed his brain: Could her reason be affected?

"Come with me." And seeing her agitated, offered her his arm, which she accepted, and he led her out of the church.

"Where do you want to go?" he enquired as he hailed a taxi.

She hesitated for a moment, like one bewildered, "Oh, I remember now. I want to get some grapes for Yvonne."

"To Ferguson the fruiterer," he said to the chauffeur as he got into the car. Once seated, he questioned Mrs. Granville with the greatest delicacy as to the cause of her distress, and this proud woman, so reserved, touched to the heart by his kindness, poured forth the whole story of her morning's adventures.

Oh the value of a kind word. To how many a sad aching heart it has brought solace and relief with courage to start afresh in the battle of life and gain the victory.

Ando, now quite convinced of her sanity, listened with heartfelt compassion, then, taking her hands in his own, pressed them affectionately, saying:

"Dear Mrs. Granville, let me remind you that I am the son of the friend to whom you were so

God's Birthday

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

The earth is stoled in white,
Her crown of stars is bright.
Softly she seems to say,
"Rejoice! 'tis God's birthday."

devoted. It was you who cared for and nursed her when from fear of typhus all had forsaken her, and it was in your arms that she breathed forth her last sigh. I owe you a debt of gratitude beyond my power to repay. Trust in me now. I will do all in my power to assist you. I owe it as a sacred duty to her memory. I have studied medicine and love the profession. I feel confident that I can cure Yvonne. Do you remember she used to call me her 'big friend'?"

Poor Mrs. Granville, quite overcome with emotion, could only press his hands which were still holding hers, saying: "How good you are, dear boy! How good you are!"

Ando, much embarrassed, said hesitatingly: "Might I ask a favor? Would you paint for me one of your fine water-colored drawings I have heard so highly spoken of? It might happen that I was not in town when it was finished. In that case—" he stopped abruptly, for at that moment the car was just in front of a flower shop. Making a sign to the chauffeur, he went in and returned in a few seconds with a bouquet of violets, in the midst of which he had inserted a banknote, just allowing one little corner to be seen. Handing it to Mrs. Granville, he said with a smile: "These will settle our little affair."

Mrs. Granville, strengthened and consoled, looked at him gratefully, "God reward you, kind heart! God reward you!"

The great clock of St. Andrew's was striking 12 when Mrs. Granville, radiant with joy, her usual pale face rosy with the excitement, entered the room and deposited a huge parcel, fastened with golden cords, on Yvonne's bed. Taking her head in both hands, the mother gazed long and fondly into the deep blue eyes.

"Dear child, I am so happy and you must share my joy. Listen!" Then she related her meeting with Ando Taffe in the church and the sequel. "Was it not providential? I have accepted the payment in advance. You see I have made a name. That is everything. Now all will be well."

Yvonne listened with delight and begun unfastening the cords of the mysterious box with all the eagerness of a child.

"You know, darling, it was Ando who sent these beautiful things to his little friend. I could not refuse without offending him."

The lid was raised, and there lay the grapes on a bed of moss surrounded by azaleias and camelias, red and white, interspersed with sprigs of fragrant heliotrope.

"Oh, mother! are they not lovely?" cried Yvonne excitedly, holding up a bunch in her hand.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Granville, "now I have the design for my sketch. Yvonne ador-

ing her grapes." And there rang a peal of joyful laughter through the little room.

* * * * *

Ando arrived that evening. He was anxious to commence at once his rôle of physician to his little friend. The lamp, which had been lighted in his honor, threw its rays on Yvonne as she lay in a long reclining chair over which a cover of old red velvet embroidered with gold fleurs-de-lis had been thrown. The bright light threw out in relief the frail form of the young girl who, draped in white, had more the appearance of a marble statue than a being of flesh and blood. Ando was a born artist and he stood for a few moments lost in admiration.

"Oh how fair my little friend has grown."

"And how good and generous my big friend has remained," replied Yvonne, pointing towards the grapes, and giving him her hand. He took it in his own, testing the pulse. Alas! it throbbed all too fast. Yes, Yvonne was passing away from this world from want of sun, nourishment, and good air.

"She must be saved," he said to himself, "but by what means? Science is useless here. Nature alone can accomplish the task. It is to her that we must turn."

"I am very ill, am I not?" she said, raising her big eyes to his face. "I feel my life is passing away. Every day I grow weaker. My big friend has come too late—and what will poor mother do without me?"

"What nonsensical ideas you girls get into your heads. Why of course you are going to get better. But you must have confidence in me. That's essential."

* * * * *

Notwithstanding all the care lavished on her, Yvonne's health did not improve. Day by day she grew weaker and more emaciated. Ando saw that a speedy removal to a warmer climate alone could save her. But how was this to be accomplished? It was a difficult problem with a proud, sensitive character like Mrs. Granville's. Ando feared to give offense and knew not how to act. But Providence came to his assistance in a wonderful way.

He owned a small property and villa in Teneriffe. His sister, who resided there, had died some months previously, leaving a little daughter in his charge, a delicate, spoiled child, who sadly needed a mother's care. To add to his difficulties, Miss Stevenson, the governess, wanted to return to England. He knew not what to do. All of a sudden the idea flashed across his mind, why not ask Mrs. Granville to mother the little Die. Teneriffe would be an ideal place for Yvonne, and the six days' sea journey most beneficial. Strange that he had not thought of it sooner.

Hailing a taxi, he gave Mrs. Granville's address and, lighting a cigar, lay back contentedly, building castles in the air. He pictured to himself Yvonne smiling for joy and clapping her hands like a child. Running up stairs two steps at a time, he burst into the room like a tornado, exclaiming:

"Hurrah! I have brought you the sun, groves of oranges and roses, and the soul-reviving sea breezes. Hurrah!"

"Sunshine, sea air, and orange groves," repeated Yvonne, laughing merrily. "Have you taken leave of your senses, or are you jesting?"

"I was never more serious in my life." Then taking Mrs. Granville's hand, he said earnestly: "You know how anxious I am about the health of my little niece, Diana. To add to my difficulties, her governess, Miss Stevenson, wishes to return to England. Would you do me the favor to replace, not Miss Stevenson, but the child's dead mother, and relieve me in the difficult situation in which I am placed, and may I ask Yvonne to be to her a sister? The six days' sea voyage will not, I trust, inconvenience you. The villa is fully furnished, so you can dispose of what is here. Could you be ready in a week's time? I will engage our place on the boat at once."

As Mrs. Granville listened, her heart beat high with hope. "I understand your motives," she replied with tears in her eyes, "and I accept your generous offer with all the joy of my heart. There is room there for two daughters."

Ando turned his glance on Yvonne, expecting to see her face lit up with pleasure, but to his surprise and disappointment, she seemed quite unconcerned and, if anything, more pale and anxious.

"What's the matter?" he enquired uneasily.

"Oh, nothing, only I think I would be better here. That's all."

"Oh, Yvonne!" exclaimed her mother, "think of poor little Die. And the lovely climate and the sunshine that alone can save you."

"And I," broke in Ando, "was so hopeful of your recovery in that beautiful climate. I had intended to stay at the hotel, for I do not wish to be separated from my niece and to see you grow stronger every day. Surely you will not refuse the child your dear mother's tender care."

As he spoke, Yvonne's expression changed. What was she thinking of? Why, of course, it was near the sea that her health would be restored. And poor little motherless Die, why she loved her already, the dear little thing.

"We will go as soon as you wish, doctor," she said with a radiant smile.

* * * * *

Mrs. Granville, Yvonne, and Diana had now been for a month at the villa Tamaris. It was

charmingly situated near the sea and was surrounded by tall pines and orange groves. Little Die had taken at once to Yvonne and simply adored her. She was a charming little creature, who laughed and sang and cried in turn as the mood seized her, and rebelled continually against the constraint her delicate state required. Yvonne alone could keep her quiet in the long reclining chair. She played the part of little mother, caressing and humoring the spoilt child, who had soon become her devoted slave.

Mrs. Granville went to and fro, her heart filled with gratitude and hope.

After a few months of her new surroundings, Yvonne was transformed: she had begun to live, and she was not surprised. After all, she had prayed so hard to get well, the good God could not refuse her. Little by little joy reigned supreme in the villa Tamaris.

Ando, in the spirit of his profession, watched with the closest interest the progress of his patients. He would sit for hours by Yvonne's couch reading his favorite authors and discussing with her their views. Yvonne admired his intelligence, kind heart, and devotion to her. When he was gone there came a void in her life that nothing seemed to fill.

Die, with the quick intuition of childhood, noticed the change and would say: "There's a cloud in your heart, auntie dear, (she would call Yvonne "auntie" and Mrs. Granville "gran") is there not? The sun is gone."

When he returned, Yvonne's big eyes would shine once more and, looking anxiously at him, she would say: "I am really getting better, am I not? I shall not die now?"

Ando had taken Mrs. Granville into his secret and had full consent. But he must wait. Yvonne was too young.

So the months slipped away and Christmas was drawing near. But it was a very different Yvonne who went gaily about the house humming carols and decorating the rooms with the best substitute she could find for the holly and ivy of old England.

"Look, look," cried Die, "there's Uncle Ando with a big box."

"Happy Christmas!" cried Yvonne, with sparkling eyes and heightened color as he entered the room. "What have you there?"

"Only a talking dollie for Diana," he replied smiling, handing the box to the child, who at once began eagerly to unfasten the cords.

"This is for you," he said with a tremor in his voice. Then drawing her aside into the big bay window, he drew from his breast pocket a jewel case containing a diamond ring. Taking her hand, he looked her full in the face. As

their eyes met he read their secret and, placing the ring on her finger, he exclaimed: "Mine forever," just as Mrs. Granville came in, attracted by Die's screams of delight.

"Oh, mother," said Yvonne, "you drew my portrait once adoring the grapes, but now you must paint me entering the 'promised land' with my deliverer."

Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

THE MANNA IN THE DESERT

BETWEEN Egypt and Palestine extends the Sinaitic peninsula. The Suez Canal now forms an artificial boundary between the African Egypt and that part of Asiatic Arabia; it is, however, not the political boundary of Egypt, for the latter is at Rapha, not very far from Gaza. South of the Suez Canal, surrounding the south point of Sinai, is the Red Sea through which the Israelites passed by the wonderful road that was opened to them by the rod of Moses, and afterwards closed again over the pursuing Egyptian army. The rocky, and, towards the Mediterranean, sandy soil, together with the dearth of water, make the region of the Sinaitic peninsula a land bare of vegetation except for some hardy shrubs and bushes and also some grass which grows in many places luxuriously after the rainy winter season, but which dries up in the rainless months between April and October, and yet even so serves as food for cattle. When the flocks have consumed the pasture in one place, the Israelites then, as the Nomadic Bedouin now, were obliged to move their tents to other pastures. They could have reached Palestine more quickly than they did, but on account of their murmuring against God and Moses the generation which had come out of Egypt were to die outside the promised land, and for this reason they had to move about in the desert for forty years. For the sake of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, on account of the prayer of Moses and in order to preserve their children, God would not destroy the ungrateful people in the desert. On the contrary, He maintained them by a daily miracle for forty years, until the people had passed through the Jordan into Palestine proper, and were at Jericho eating of the fruits of the promised land. Without this miracle, the Israelites could not have lived for years in that barren region; for with the exception of a few scattered oases, there was no corn to be had in the desert.

After the Israelites had consumed the provisions which they had brought out of Egypt, they did not show that confidence towards God which He could expect from them after their miraculous delivery from the slavery of Pharaoh; they murmured against Moses and Aaron say-

ing: "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat over the flesh pots and had bread to the full. Why have you brought us into the desert that you might destroy all the multitude with famine?" And the Lord commanded Moses to promise the children of Israel: "In the evening, (i. e., for the principal daily meal,) you shall eat flesh, and in the morning you shall have your fill of bread; and you shall know that I am the Lord your God."

The meat was provided by large numbers of quails, which settled round the camp and could easily be caught. They seemed to have afterwards ceased for a time; but when the people clamoured again for meat, and fish, and melons, and leek, and onions, and garlic, God sent that time such a large number of quails that the people could not eat them fresh, but cured them as they had seen it done in Egypt. But they were finally nauseated by eating so much 'quail,' and they contracted a special disease, with the result that for the future they were contented with the wonderful bread with which God provided them in such a miraculous way.

The wonderful bread was of course the "manna," which received its name from the astonished outcry of the people, when they saw it for the first time: "Manhu?" they cried, which means: "What is this?" and from this we have the term "manna." It was given daily, and would not keep longer than one single day, except the double quantity which fell on Friday and lasted over the Sabbath day. It had the appearance of small bits of hoar frost covering the ground. Its taste varied according to the wish and desire of each for a peculiar kind of food. It not only sufficed for the sustenance of the body, but preserved also the general health of the people, so that no diseases afflicted the multitudes except those which were special divine punishments, sent for their sins and their ingratitude.

From the words of our Blessed Saviour, when promising the Holy Eucharist, some might conclude that the Manna was not a type of the Blessed Sacrament; for He said: "Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven; that if any man eat of it, he may not

die." But these words do not exclude the typical meaning of the manna; they were an answer to the Jews, who demanded a greater sign from heaven than the falling of the manna, and they only tell us the common-sense fact that no type or figure ever reaches the perfection of the greater thing which it signifies, otherwise it would not be the type but the reality itself. Saint Paul writing to the Corinthians (1 Cor. 10:3 ss.) speaks of the spiritual food of the Israelites in the desert as figures of the bread and the chalice, which are a partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ.

And how apt is the typical character of the manna in the desert to illustrate some aspects of a mystery, which no single figure can fully express. Manna was the food on the wandering through a desert to a promised land, the possession of which was obtained by mere favour of God and the merits of the holy Patriarchs; it came daily down from heaven early in the morning to form the first meal of the day; these characteristics need no explanation. As the manna of old suited the taste and need of each; so the new Manna is the nourishment of all virtues and brings strong consolations, which enable us to accept the will of God rather than to see our own desires and fancies

fulfilled. The Jews were by their spiritual food maintained in bodily health; the grace of the Blessed Sacrament destroys the poisonous humours of the different vices in the soul, thus preserving it from actual sins, whether venial or mortal. Manna came from heaven and was prepared by the angels: our sacramental Manna is Jesus Himself, who says: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; and the Body and Blood with which He feeds us were prepared by God the Holy Ghost Himself. The miracle of the new, heavenly Manna is not restricted to forty years, but it has come down from heaven ever since the day of Pentecost, and it will not cease until the end of the world, when the last of the faithful shall have entered the heavenly land of promise. Even there the perfect Manna will not cease entirely, but rather adapt itself to our new conditions; for the voice from heaven spoke to Saint John (Apoc. 2:17): "To him that overcomes I will give the hidden Manna." Let us realize that the Holy Viaticum will be given to us for the very purpose that we may safely reach the new city of Jerusalem, and join with the heavenly choirs in the praises of the Giver of the Sacramental Manna, whom we now acclaim in His hidden presence: BLESSED BE JESUS IN THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR.

Christmas—And a Doll With Black Curls

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

WHAT a rotten Christmas!" exclaimed Jim Morrison, fingering the tiny box in his vest pocket, "What a rotten Christmas!"

Morrison was gazing into the future. It lacked three days until Christmas. Below in the street good-natured crowds jostled one another, stepping on unfortunate toes, dislodging insecure packages, knocking hats comically awry. Across the way, on the top of the Elks' building, a Mazda Santa Claus winked a roguish crimson eye the while he stuffed innumerable toys into a yellow stocking what never got full. The town was indued with the holiday spirit, but there was none of its joy in the heart of Jim Morrison. That tiny box contained the ring he had purchased for the Only Girl six months before—and that ring represented to his aching heart all that was glad and sweet and worth while in life—and she had given it back to him. Just a foolish quarrel—he scarcely knew what about.

It had to do with a trip to Cleveland, where Elise had been invited to spend the holidays with Madeline Mason. She had wanted him to join her there—and he had planned to run down to the North Shore to see Dick Marlowe, home

on his vacation, and take Elise along. He did not like Madeline Mason. He had waxed sarcastic and Elise had been first hurt, then angry. She had said to him,

"I am very glad that I have learned your attitude toward the things and people I care for before it is too late."

Too proud to apologize, he had found himself out in the cold December street, his pain-filled, unseeing eyes a poor guide for his uncertain feet. This was the preceding Sunday, and every day had been more desolate, more fraught with misery. He had telephoned, and she had refused to talk to him. He had written and she had returned the letter unopened. The trip to the Shore lost its savor, as did everything else. Why plan, without Elise with her ready ripple of laughter, her bright head that reached just to his shoulder, her eyes that danced beneath her mischievously tilted hat brim? The presence of Elise was the sauce that lent piquancy and zest to all his comings and goings, and he had not realized until he no longer had her, just how completely she filled his life. And so the gay Christmas greens, the brilliant window displays, the cheerful crowds meant nothing to

Morrison as he stood in the window of his club and gazed down upon them. Indeed, he did not see them. He saw, instead, the face of the girl he loved, defiant and disdainful. "What a rotten Christmas!" he exclaimed, "What a rotten Christmas!" Thus does the world about us, chameleonlike, assume its complexion from our own state of mind.

"Hi, there, Morrison! Just the fellow I'm looking for. What you doing tonight?" Young Ted Slater hailed him with an affectionate slap on the back.

Jim greeted the newcomer with a grim smile. "Nothing, thank you," he said, "Why?"

"I'm rounding up the fellows to help deliver the Christmas Cheer Baskets. Father Schmidt wants them all to report at the Gym tonight so he'll know how many he can depend on. You're going to be in town for Christmas, aren't you?"

Morrison hesitated. There was the Shore and Dick—but he now had no appetite for the trip. Why not stay in town? His mother would be glad to have him at home, and helping the St. Vincent de Paul Society with their baskets would be a real work of charity, and a way of passing the time on what promised to be a cheerless and empty day.

"Sure," he said, briefly, "I'll be here. I'll bring my car around. I've nothing else afoot."

"Good! We're short-handed. Bunch of the boys going to be out of town, or got other plans for the day. I have to find Henderson yet. See you at the Gym in an hour."

And so it happened that Jim Morrison, on Christmas morning, with the echo of *Adeste Fideles* in his ears, was driving from door to door in the poorer section of the parish, delivering the heavily-laden Cheer Baskets, instead of speeding toward North Shore with a fur-wrapped Elise tucked in comfortably beside him. This morning the labor brought its own reward—the smiles wreathing the faces of the recipients.

"A basket, is it? And may God bless your bright face! Look, Tim, old man, what he's after bringing us from the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the angels of God they are!"

That was old Mrs. Kearny, who had occupied a wheel chair for twenty years, and still kept the sunshine of the Lord in her heart and eyes.

"Whoops, Mom! Come quick. It's a basket—and it's clear full. Hey, Mom! Maybe it's turkey and oranges and candy—oh Mom! Do you suppose there's candy?"

That was Billy Turner, whose mother labored over the washboard from dawn until dark to feed a hungry brood of six. Candy, God help them, was scarce enough there. Jim tucked a five dollar bill beside the Christmas turkey and left a little bit of heaven behind him.

"Oh, Meester!" Rosa Tressano pulled shyly at his arm as he mounted the rickety stairs to her shabby dwelling. "It is just that which we eat you are bringing, or is it that Santa Claus has given you the dress for the bambino? Eet is so leetle, Meester, and no a dress for it. In the night it came—the angels were fluttlering about my mother's bed. I did ask the Virgin for a dress. We mus' take the so leetle bambino to the Church for baptize. You have it, no?" and her beautiful eyes gazed pleadingly into his.

"I have it, Rose," he smiled at her, "But not in the basket. No, that would never do, mixing a bambino's dress with the cranberry sauce and the chocolate candy. There is chocolate candy, Tony, I swear it. The dress is here, Rose," and he left another bill close-clutched in her sticky olive palm.

"Who are you?" asked little Alice Brady—poor little Alice, a victim of infantile paralysis, walked with crutches. "Are you Santa Claus? Where's your red coat and your whiskers? Did you bring my doll?"

"Alice!" said her mother, reprovingly.

"Sure, I'm Santa Claus," said Jim, chucking Alice under the chin, "I felt foolish running around in that red suit in broad daylight. You've no idea how it cramps my style to have everyone stopping to look at me and ask if I've been to their house yet and what I've got for 'em and all that stuff. As for the whiskers, Great Scott! Sis, don't you know whiskers are out of style? I shaved them off about the same time the ladies started bobbing their hair. I'm slower than an old gray plow horse this year. Didn't get half my load delivered last night, and of course I had to go to three Masses this morning before I started—"

"Really?" asked Alice, delightedly, "Oh, Santa Claus, are you a Catholic, too?"

"Surest thing you know," said Jim, gravely. "So, you see, having to go to Mass and everything, I had to take out the Christmas dinner baskets first so the mothers could get the stuff on to cook, and I'll be a little late delivering your doll. But I'll get it here today some time."

"Oh, goody!" Alice clapped her hands. "Has it got black curls?"

"Yes, indeedy. The longest, blackest curls you ever saw." Having thus far committed himself, Jim grew reckless, "And it walks and says 'Mother'—"

"You mean, 'mama,'" corrected Alice, "Dolls don't say 'Mother'. Oh, Santa, I never expected a doll like that. I just prayed for a little teeny, tiny, weeny winy one. Do you care if I kiss you?"

Jim blushed. "Not at all," he said, meekly. "I'd be delighted—and when I come back with the doll I hope you'll do it again."

"Now I'm in for it," he said to himself when he had regained the street. "Stores all closed, and I have to get a doll that walks and talks and has black curls if I have to turn this town inside out—and have to get it today. That poor kid with her crippled leg! If Elise could see her—"

Thoughts of Elise shadowed his face for a fleeting moment. How she would have enjoyed this basket business! She was probably in Cleveland at Madeline Mason's having a glorious good time. Ah, well! He was having a good time, too, after a fashion. At least he was having a far more enjoyable Christmas than he had anticipated.

The last basket delivered, he turned his attention to the problem of finding the doll. He consulted Ted Slater, who was nothing if not resourceful.

"Any idea where I can find a doll that has black curls and walks and says 'Mama'?" he queried.

Ted stared. "No," he said, "Have you any idea where I can locate a purple china pig with green ears and a white forehead? One that will sit on the palm of my hand and call me 'Clara'?"

"Don't be an idiot!" advised Morrison, "I'm not kidding you. I found a little crippled kid who thought I was Santa Claus and that's the kind of doll I promised her—and I have to have it today."

"I'm not kidding, either," said Ted, seriously, "I've dreamed of a pig like that ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. A doll that walks and talks and has black curls—Hum!" He whistled a bar of Garry Owen and pondered. Then he brightened visibly. "I have it. Did you try the Jewish stores down along the waterfront?"

"That's an idea," said Jim, gratefully. "You have got some brains in that useless tank of yours, haven't you? Coming along?"

"Don't care if I do," said Ted. "I stuck my head in Ma's kitchen an hour ago and she told me to clear out. Dinner won't be ready for two hours. Said she didn't want me under her feet. I was worse now than when I was ten."

They bowled along the boulevard, down Collins avenue and across the Square where the sun shed new glory on the golden cross of St. Peter's Church. St. Peter's was Elsie's parish. Perhaps it was thought of the ceremony that

was to have taken place there in a few weeks that caused Jim a moment of absent-mindedness. A street car drew alongside him and at the same moment a child, intent on boarding the car, darted from the curb directly in front of his machine. There was a second of indecision on his part. He must hit either the car, the child, or the fire hydrant at the curb. He chose the latter. The passengers on the car stood up and shrieked, and a girl in a gray coat and red turban, who had just come from the parish house, ran forward with a stricken cry—a cry that came from her heart.

"Jim!" she cried, "Oh, Blessed Mother! It's Jim."

They picked him up tenderly and lifted him into the waiting ambulance, and the red-turbaned girl went along to the hospital. So, too, did Ted, who was bruised and shaken, but not seriously hurt.

"Not that it wouldn't have been worth it," he explained afterward, "to have a girl like that sit beside me all the way and hold my hand and weep over me, as she did over him. Jim can say all he wants to, but he'll never be able to convince me that he didn't see her and do it on purpose."

"I thought you were in Cleveland," said Jim, later at the hospital, for lack of more brilliant things to say.

"I couldn't go," she confessed. "I didn't really care about going. I just wanted you to give in to me and let me have my own way. I don't care for Madeline's crowd either. Oh, Jim!" She stroked his bandaged head, penitently, "suppose you had been killed! I should have died of remorse."

"I say—" Ted peered around the corner of the doorway—Ted with an unsightly black eye, a cut cheek, and the usual smile, "I'm fixed up to leave. Are they going to keep you here all night?"

"No, just a couple hours more," said Jim, happily. "Ever meet my promised wife, Ted?"

"In the ambulance," said Ted, "but she didn't see me. Never felt so neglected in my life. I'm going on down and finish our errand."

"What errand?" asked Jim, absently. He was noticing how the afternoon sun, streaming in the hospital window, turned Elise's hair into a golden aura of loveliness.

"Holy Smoke!" exclaimed Ted, "hear the man! what errand! Take care of him, Miss

Christmas

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Why is earth drest in white?
With blossomy stars alight?
Why holy, shy and gay?....
'Tis her Communion Day.

Upon her agéd breast
God's Lambkin soon shall rest.
She lifts Him high agen
For the straying souls of men.

Farrell. Physically he's not in bad shape, but mentally he's about gone. Listen, Jim, Old Bean, I'm going down to Solomon Levi's on River Street and get a purple doll with black curls that says 'Clara,' and a little green and white pig—"

"Get out, you poor prune!" said Jim, contentedly, "and don't come back until you get that doll—and if its curls aren't black, paint them."

* * *

"I knew you'd come," said little Alice, joyfully hugging the doll, "Isn't she a *darling*? Poor Santa Claus! I'm sorry you got hurt. Is this—" she looked doubtfully at Elsie, who lingered in the doorway with Ted, "is this Mrs. Santa Claus?"

"Just as soon as the banns are called," said Jim, "and you are going to have a new pink dress with ruffles, and sit in the front seat at the wedding."

"Hurrah!" cried Alice, capering in spite of her crutch, "And I'll kiss you both—and I'll bring my doll baby and you can kiss her, too. My precious, darling little doll baby! What shall I name her?"

"Call her 'Clara,'" said Ted.

Your Child's Happiness and Your Own

WARFIELD WEBB

GAING and retaining the confidence of your child is the great secret of your own and his present and future happiness. The reason for many years of misery, anxiety, and not infrequently sorrow, can be laid to a want of that early realization of the bond of confidence that should exist between parent and child.

Owing to the position of the mother in the rearing of the child, the burden of the care naturally rests on her shoulders. She is the bulwark that shields the child from the early storms of life. She is the haven where the innocence of babyhood and early youth finds comfort and there the bruises and heart throbs are dissipated. The childish tears are wiped away, and the gentle caress brings the smile of joy to the little face.

Appreciating the sacred duty resting upon her, the mother should do all within her power to maintain her place in the heart and mind of the child. If there is a want of confidence, or a lack of that eagerness to seek her advice and consolation in time of stress, the breach thus existing soon widens, and, as the child advances in years, it becomes a serious matter for both mother and child. Once there is raised a barrier between the child and its mother, it will be a very difficult matter to remove it. Thus we

can see the significance of making the child understand that in all the world there is none so dear to him as mother.

If we see so often to day a want of this bond between mother and child in one who has attained to years of reason and beyond, we can safely assume that it has been the direct result of a lack of the proper appreciation of the value of a very early understanding of the important position held by the mother.

When we call to mind the well-known quotation, "when our children are babies they pull at our apron strings, and when they grow up they pull at our heart strings," there is not infrequently a reason for this latter deplorable state of mind. Cannot this often be obviated by just that care and discretion that is a vital matter for every mother to consider always?

We do not have to be unduly cautious with our children in order that we may gain and retain their confidence. In fact, the too severe manner, the attitude of suspicion, the desire to become overcautious, lest some moral harm befall our children, will very often circumvent the very object of our wistful hopes. Allow the child a certain amount of freedom, so that in this way he will come to feel that he can seek you in even the most trivial matter for his guidance.

Admonition, when given with kindness, is a most important factor for the parent to keep before himself at all times. Unless we give advice frequently to those under our care, we are simply neglecting a duty that we truly owe our children. Failing to do this brings upon our own heads the most disastrous consequences. But we must use judgment in this way, and give counsel with kindness, so that the child will have a clear understanding of the value of this phase of his guidance.

It will never do, however, to permit the child to use his own judgment in matters requiring serious thought. We can readily enough understand that the views of a child are but limited. His inexperience handicaps him, and when we act upon his suggestions we are indeed in grave danger of acting ingloriously.

Be to your child a companion, and far more. Never forget the very important part you are playing in his welfare. If we can duly impress upon him from the earliest youth that he is our best and most cherished treasure, and that we are his best friends, it will avoid many later heartaches and act as a beacon light for him in after years. It will keep his steps in the path of rectitude, and permit parents to spend their years, when the sands are running low, to enjoy the peace of mind and comfort of heart that can come only after a life well spent and the fullest duty bestowed upon their children.

The Mass and Protestants

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

FAITHER," asked Mr. Cravens in the course of his conversation with Father Gilbert, "what does the average Protestant think of the Mass anyhow?"

"You must distinguish between Protestant and Protestant. The anti-Catholic lecturer will do his utmost to make the Mass ridiculous. A great many others are quite indifferent. But *Our Sunday Visitor* quotes the Protestant writer, Burrell, as saying: 'Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass.' The fact is that the average non-Catholic realizes that the Catholic Church has a mighty power to draw the faithful to the worship of God on Sundays. Thus

it was in 1841 that Frederick William Faber, the learned and saintly author of so many devotional books, made a comparison between a Sunday spent in Lutheran Dresden, Germany, and in Catholic Tyrol, Austria. Of the observance in the latter

place he says: 'This morning at seven I occupied myself very pleasantly in watching people come to the church which is opposite my windows. It is pouring with rain and has been so for hours; yet early as it is no one seems prevented from coming to church. Many of them must have come from the country for I am sure the village itself can never contain so large a congregation. Most of them are wet through, yet men and women of every age are thronging in notwithstanding. It is no highday but a common Sunday with an ordinary Mass and sermon.'

"There are tottering old men with straggling hair, who may well have remembered Hofer and perchance have followed his heron plume to victory or to defeat more glorious in its hardihood and unvanquished moral strength than a thousand victories of Marengo or Austerlitz. The early hour and the beating rain cannot keep these ancients of the mountain hamlet from their church. Then there are gallant stout-looking men of middle age, with firm step and upright eye, doubtless the household-

ers of the dales. There are young bachelors, livers out of doors and hard workers, too old for a mother's thrall, and yet not safely chained as yet to the sweet and sobering slavery of wedded cares; a class so lamentably few of which we can allure to our (Protestant) parish churches. And there are wives and mothers, active, bustling, neatly attired, brimful of greetings; troops also of boys and girls, gay and happy, even in the rain."

"Thus spoke the Protestant Faber of the attraction of our Mass. It seemed to him a fact worth recording. He kept on comparing and studying until he found the truth in 1845. Then what an acquisition was he to the Church!

"The author of 'Starward and Beyond' quotes this example of Father Faber and adds a similar one, namely that of Dr. Frederick Paulsen, lecturer on Philosophy in Berlin. In 1875 the professor travelled through the country of the Black Forest, and

the faith of the Catholic peasantry as manifested by their flocking to the Sunday Mass opened his eyes."

"Yes, Father, what you say is true. The very numbers that hasten to our churches on Sundays preach eloquent sermons on the Mass. But you know, Father, that when many of these people attend our Mass, they find everything so extremely strange. For that reason I dread to take a Protestant along to Mass."

"You need not be so timid in this matter. It may be a good and meritorious work to persuade a Protestant friend to enter our churches. In Cardinal Vaughan's work, 'The Young Priest,' we read: 'The Eucharist sometimes becomes sensible to persons entering into its presence. I know several cases in which Protestants received the grace of conversion in consequence of the sensible and very powerful influence of the Blessed Sacrament during a visit made through mere curiosity.' This fact is true especially of the Mass. *Our Sunday Visitor* last October carried an account of such a conversion. A travelling man from the East



THE LAST SUPPER — Da Vinci

arrived in a Western town by a belated train in the wee hours of the morning. It was three o'clock. The snow was falling and the wind was blustery. He decided to walk to his hotel. But soon he found it advisable to seek shelter. The only evidence of wakefulness was the brightly lighted basement entrance of a Catholic church. A strong gust of wind carried him almost literally into the very door of the church which he noticed to be crowded with people. They were hearing Mass. Five hundred persons, mostly men, were present at this unusual hour. It was the so-called printers' Mass, arranged for pressmen, proof readers, compositors, and other newspaper people; also street car men, janitors of hotels, policemen, etc. The travelling man remained to the end of the Mass and returned every morning for three weeks until he left the city. The attraction of the Mass never wore off with him. He finally sought instruction and is now a good Catholic.

"Alexandrine de la Ferronnays, whilst still a Lutheran, assisted at Mass in the church of St. Mary's of the Franks in Constantinople. She herself says: 'On that day I received one of those impressions of grace which leave behind them a deeper remembrance than any material things.'

"Frederick the Great of Prussia, who died in 1786, one time attended a Catholic High Mass celebrated by a cardinal. After the service he remarked: 'The Calvinists treat God as their inferior, the Lutherans as their equal, but the Catholics as their superior.' Hence the not infrequent statement of non-Catholics that if they believed in the Mass and in the Real Presence as Catholics do, they would be in Church always."

"Father, if that is the case, it seems to me we Catholics have to be very careful in this matter when we are in the presence of non-Catholics."

"Indeed we do. They watch us to see whether we are hypocrites or not. Last fall several Catholic papers contained an item entitled 'The Force of Example.' A convert explained to a priest: 'Father,' said he, 'do you know that I and my family are Catholics because I once met a manly Catholic? I was going to one of our medical conventions. My companion was a young Catholic doctor. There was a banquet on Saturday night and we had planned to take the eight o'clock train on Sunday morning. It was midnight when we reached the hotel and I was requesting the desk clerk to have us called at seven o'clock when my Catholic friend instructed the clerk to call him at 5:30 so that he could hear Mass at six o'clock and be back in time to meet me. I protested that it was nearly one o'clock and he needed his sleep. He

smiled at me good-naturedly and that was all. I heard him step quietly off to Mass and instead of enjoying an hour and a half of extra sleep I lay there thinking that this man's religion must mean something to him. That started me in the study of the Catholic religion. Father, had that man been a moral coward, I should not now be one of the true Church of Christ. That man brought me to the Church and I hope to imitate him. That is why I condemn the apologetic type of Catholic.'

"Well, Father, would you have us laymen to speak to Protestants about the Mass?"

"You need not intrude yourself upon them. But there are occasions on which the proper answer will set non-Catholics to thinking. About four years ago *The Ligourian* quoted a correspondent of the *Boston Evening Transcript* as saying: 'My wife asked an Irish peasant with little education but a sound natural mind and a heart of gold whether he went to church. He answered that he hadn't missed a Sunday for twenty years and added that his daughter, a girl of thirteen, rose at six every morning to attend early Mass. At my wife's expression of surprise he said: "You know, ma'am, it helps to keep you nice and quiet all day long." The correspondent concluded by saying: 'I wish Protestantism afforded something to keep me nice and quiet all day long.'"

"Father, how is it that the Protestants ever gave up the Mass?"

"We must again make a distinction. But this time it is between the people and their leaders. In 1899 Father Murphy, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, stated in an article to the *Catholic Quarterly Review*, that, 'The late Cardinal Manning used to say that the faith was stolen from the people in England. This is particularly true of the faith in the Blessed Eucharist. The history of the "Reformation" in England clearly shows that the changes affecting the Sacrifice of the Mass and Holy Communion were introduced and carried out most cautiously at first. The change from the Latin missal to the English rendering of it, known as the Book of Common Prayer (which is merely a remnant of the missal), was nothing very striking in the eyes of a people who were but poorly instructed in liturgical matters. The distribution of Holy Communion was to the eyes of the people kept on as before; and they had no occasion to doubt that they were receiving at the Communion service the same Bread of Life that their fathers had received. Nor can it be a matter of surprise that the people were thus hoodwinked in this grave matter. There were certain predisposing causes of their ignorance and lukewarmness. Dr. (now Cardinal) Gasquet, in his learned work, 'Henry VIII and

the English Monasteries,' emphasizes the fact that the clergy were decimated by the Black Death and the War of the Roses to such an extent that the Bishops were often forced to ordain mere boys to administer to the wants of people. There was very little instruction given and services were discontinued in many churches."

"Poor people! they were the victims of the Reformers' then, were they not, Father?"

"Yes, sad to say, but it is true."

"Why couldn't they do at least as the Russians and the Greeks did? They still have the Mass, haven't they, Father?"

Father Murphy assigns a reason for their attitude. He says: "The demands made on self-denial and on self-humiliation by the sacrament and the sacrifice of the Eucharist, as understood by the Church, supply us with one of the chief causes of the intense hostility shown towards it by the leading so-called Reformers. It is especially against the Holy Sacrifice, the "Popish Mass," the "hellish superstition," as they constantly called it, that their bitterest darts were directed. And why? Chiefly because the Real Presence and the Mass entailed three practices exceedingly inconvenient for the "Reformers" idea of Godliness: auricular confession, fasting, and celibacy. Belief in the Real Presence carries with it the practice of confession and penance. How believe that the Immaculate Lamb of God, infinitely holy, is made present by the words of consecration, is lifted up, is consumed, is distributed by the priest, and not believe that a purging from sin, a proving of oneself through the sacrament of penance, is necessary for both the celebrant and communicant?

"The fasting and celibacy enjoined on the ministers of the Holy Sacrifice especially struck in the unctuous nostrils of Luther and his associates. Even more than confession fasting and celibacy were so blended with the offering up of the "clean oblation" throughout the ages in the Latin Church that it would be a helpless undertaking to accustom the people to post-prandial (after-dinner) and nuptial Masses. And so the Mass must go and with it fasting and celibacy. What a turning away from history and tradition! What a denial of the Holy Ghost was here! The best efforts of the Church founded by Christ had been spent during fifteen hundred years to guard and to save the sacramental system instituted by her Founder and to provide a choice ministry for the Sacrament of Sacraments, the Eucharist. For this she had made repeated sacrifices; for this she had resisted tyrants; for this she had stemmed the tide of corruption; for this she had proclaimed

through Gregory VII: "Perish all rather than the celibacy and the clergy."

"This overthrow then was not the people's doing. It was the work of the cunning Luthers and Cranmers who had their own ends to serve and stopped short of nothing, neither of falsehood nor of fraud, to secure them. The people were robbed; the Real Presence, the Holy Sacrifice, the Priesthood were gone before they knew it. The authors of the loss, the perpetrators of the crime took great care to make restitution impossible within their system. They took precaution to snap asunder the connecting link of Holy Orders and thereby they separated the branch from the trunk.' These are hard words. Would that we could make them untrue! Luther's mind we know from his own assertion: 'If we could destroy the Mass, we should possess all Europe.'

"Father, do the Protestants still teach the very same as their founders did in this regard?"

"Well, let us take two of the principal denominations; the Anglicans and the Lutherans. In these two sects we find two opposite wings. The tendency of the one is to drift to infidelity and of the other is to sway towards Rome. The Anglicans leaning towards Rome are known as Ritualists, and the 'Roman section' among the Lutherans goes by the name of 'Hochkirche—High-Church.' Maurice Francis Egan wrote in 1924: 'The other day a clergyman of the Episcopal Church said in private conversation: "Christianity will never flourish in the United States until every adherent of our church raises his hat, when he passes a church, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.'

"A writer in the excellent German organ of the International Eucharistic League, *Der Eucharistische Voelkerbund*, states that in England the services are frequently conducted as with us Catholics. Thus, for example, the pastor in the church of Saint Saviour's, in London, Rev. Kiburn, daily celebrates the Mass in the Latin language, out of a Roman missal, and is clad with our liturgical vestments. The altar is decorated as is the case in the Catholic Church. On certain occasions even the Gregorian chant is adopted. Every day numerous men and women receive Holy Communion. The 'Sacrament' is reserved in the tabernacle before which the lamp is kept burning. During the day passers-by enter and prostrate before the altar. In the evening Benediction is given with the 'Most Blessed Sacrament'.... The society of Sts. Peter and Paul edited a Mass book in which the individual parts of the Mass were illustrated. The study of the rubrics of the Roman missal, according to a Benedictine, and the study of Catholic dogma, according to a Redemptorist, is recommended. Zealous members of the laity

and clergy oblige themselves to hear Mass on days of precept and to confess their sins at least once a year in order to satisfy their paschal duty. The Duke of Argyll claims that more than 3000 Protestant churches in England are using the liturgical vestments."

"Father, you speak only of England. England does not constitute the whole Protestant Church."

"Well, what I said of England is true to some extent also of the colonies as is evident from the attitude of the famous bishop of Zanzibar. The case is similar in Holland, where there is a conflict between liberalism and confessionalism. As I hinted a while ago, the same tendency is working in Germany. The proof we have in the sentiment of the 'Hochkirche.' Again, according to *Der Eucharistische Voelkerbund*, the Protestant pastor, Dr. Staehlin, says: 'No one can be immune to the deep impression of a Catholic High Mass in a cathedral where all the arts are placed in the service of the most Holy and yet at the solemn moment of consecration they step into the background because everything inclines in silent adoration to the divine mystery of the presence of Christ.' The Protestant pastor Hansen remarks: 'Protestantism is the prodigal son. There came a great famine in the land and he began to be in want. This want thousands of Protestants feel today. With regret they recall the plenty in the father's house and they yearn for much that they there possessed and enjoyed. They would have once more ecclesiastical authority, yes, validly ordained bishops; they would fain confess their sins once more, fast, recite the breviary, found orders; and above all, they long to see again the altar with the Blessed Sacrament in the midst of their church, Holy Mass and Communion.' Such are the words of the representatives of the 'Hochkirche.'

"Father, do these people stop here? Do they live on without seeing their wishes realized?"

"Many die without reaching the goal of their desires but a great many have come over to the Catholic Church in recent years. During the war, and since, 70,000 English soldiers have returned to Mother Church; besides, about 10,000 Englishmen from all ranks and states are converted annually. The tide towards Rome is gaining constantly. Almost daily the papers announce that this or that pastor has become a convert to Catholicism, and often great numbers of their parishes follow them. Just recently the 'Evangelische Bund' issued a pamphlet 'Gegenreformation einst und heute—Counter-reformation formerly and now.' With regret the fact is expressed by this Protestant organ that in the sixteenth century nine-tenths of the German people professed Protestantism

and today only-two thirds; that in four years in Prussia only 56 Protestant, but 153 Catholic, parishes were founded. The pamphlet adds other items showing the progress of Catholicity."

"Father, I am certainly glad to learn that so many non-Catholics are seeing the light. God grant that the good work may proceed without let or hindrance."

The Family

MRS. J. T. WHIPPLE

STUDENTS of social conditions the world over despairingly point to the rapid degeneration of the whole fabric of society and frantically prescribe this or that policy for the saving of civilization itself. But if we look into the matter thoughtfully, we see that God has made ample provision for the perfecting and saving of all people; and if with open and unbiased minds we trace corruption to its source, we find that the rottenness of society took its rise and flows on through contempt of God's laws in regard to marriage and in the low tone of family life.

The family is the nucleus of society. Tell me what is good for the family and I will tell you what is good for the world in general. The world is no better than its families, and the family is no better than the individuals composing it.

The great human family, made up of many families, is like an extensive fabric woven of many threads, the strength and beauty of which are dependent upon the strength and beauty of the threads composing it, and are weakened and marred by the defectiveness of the strands that go to make it up.

This fabric may be of intricate weave and varicolored in scheme, as is the great social fabric, but if the warp and woof are sound and true to color and pattern, we have a perfect combination in both pleasing and wearing qualities that will stand the test of time and the stress of usage.

As all great masses, in order to be studied must be resolved into their component parts, so the great mass of human society must be studied as a spectrum with the orb of truth and logic trained on the individual in his relation to the smallest group of individuals, the family.

The first movement toward establishment of the family is union, and union not for a year or two or for several years, but a union indissoluble, a union ratified by God to last until death does the parting. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder," is the word of God that admits of no legal tampering. Therefore, we see the family, in the first place, given

stability by union and union indissoluble. In the second place, it is sanctified. Marriage is elevated, having been raised to the dignity of a sacrament. "This is a great sacrament but I speak in Christ and in the Church." Marriage contracted as a sacrament, sanctifies the parties united and gives sufficient grace to live up to the contract provided they adhere to God and the Church. There must, however, be perseverance — upon this very adherence to God and His Church depends the success of married life and the quality of the offspring contributed to society. How far does human society today fall short of acknowledging God as the author and guide of family life? "The average American home makes no altar to Him, and parents are failing to teach Him to their children."

The family has become unchristian. The Godless marriage, hastily contracted, easily dissolved or lived on in laxity and indifference to true Christian principles, is the source of the misfortune and corruption in the world today. To restore society we must Christianize the family. We must make it Christian in respect to the sacredness and permanence of marriage — Christian in the rearing and education of the children.

Christianity alone can enter the domestic circle to stop the vices that poison family life, and spread social corruption. It is the only power working through the family which insures the discharge of the duties and the practice of those virtues without which "society topples down and disintegrates into a horde of murderous barbarians." True Christianity shines forth as the defender of the human race in that it holds the family as the basis of society and labors for the security and sanctity of that basis — and upon its insistence in the training of youth from its earliest years in strong religious convictions sustaining morality.

We can resort to many expedients for retrieving and reform; we can enact legislation to govern and control morals; we can use material wealth in an effort to correct conditions, but all these devices will fail or at best bring but partial results if we build not the family on the sound foundation of true Christian character.

What a world of heavenly beauty there is all around Jesus; and simple souls, how happy, how intensely happy they are made by it.
—Faber.

Rapid Promotion

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

JIM Saunders was going a double quick down the sandy road of the pretty Alabama town of Cherokee. He was going from the camp to the home of Lettie Martin. Jim was from Ohio, twenty-four, tall and strong. So little time had elapsed between his leaving St. Benedict College and his enlisting in the army, where he was a hard working private, that he had not met many young ladies and Lettie was the first one that he had seriously considered.

Miss Martin lived with her widowed mother and young brother, Sam, in a pretty cottage on the edge of the town. Mrs. Martin, an impressive lady of about forty, was in her garden when Jim arrived. Lettie was in the gallery and incidentally on the lookout. Rising from her arm chair and apparently without hurry, she reached the gate quickly and welcomed the young man.

"O Mr. Saunders, I am so glad to see you. I want you to meet my mother." Lettie stopped a moment, her blue eyes dancing merrily. "When you come to see us, you must be 'Lieutenant Saunders.'"

"But Miss Martin, I am only—"

"O never mind what you are in the camp. Out here you must be a lieutenant. After a while you may be a Captain and then a Colonel.

Just now you are 'Lieutenant Saunders'—out here."

"But, Miss Martin, if the Captain heard I was pretending to be an officer—he's red-haired and Irish—and besides the army regulations—"

"O bother the army regulations. Nobody will ever hear of it but ourselves. You see Mother thinks so much of army titles. My father was a militia Colonel, my grandfather was a Colonel in the Civil War, and my mother's two brothers were Captains in the Spanish-American War. She would not hear of my receiving anybody but an officer. She thinks everybody in the army should be an officer. So when you come out here you are to be a lieutenant and when you go back to camp you can be a private again."

Jim ran his hand through his curly brown hair. This very sudden promotion had dazed him. To be promoted and reduced so often would be rather confusing.

Lettie gave him no time to falter. She was leading him over to her handsome, dignified mother, the widow of a militia colonel, daughter of a real colonel and the sister of two Captains. Military titles seemed to spring up all around so poor Jim thought he might as well pick one for himself, particularly if it pleased Lettie and

gave him a better chance with her mother. He was working for a promotion and had been told it was coming very soon. To be jumped however from private to lieutenant was rather a swift raise even in these days of rapid promotions.

"Mother, I want you to meet Lieutenant Saunders of Ohio. He is in camp here."

Jim winced at the title and in his mind's eye saw the fiery, red-haired Captain of his company. "If old Leary hears of this," he was thinking, "but Mrs. Martin was cooing out her welcome in the softest voice he had ever heard and he wondered how so much gentleness could dwell with such a militant spirit.

"I am very glad to meet you Lieutenant Saunders. The sight of young officers always reminds me of the men of my own family. You are very welcome and you must consider our home as your own whenever you can get away from the camp."

Jim was delighted. Such a welcome was worth the risk he was running in allowing Lettie to promote him so rapidly over the heads of perfectly deserving corporals and sergeants in his own company.

A handsome boy closely resembling Lettie came up the walk.

"My son, I want you to meet Lieutenant Saunders. Lieutenant, this is my son, Samuel Martin."

"Lieutenant?" echoed Sam, then stopped.

"Yes, my son, Lieutenant Saunders of Ohio."

Lettie was making frantic signs to Sam behind her mother's back so the boy gathered that he was to say nothing and held out his hand silently to the newly made officer. "Some smart gink, just fooling mother," he thought scornfully and Jim felt keenly the boy's disapproval.

When they sat on the gallery after supper the young man asked Lettie if she would really like him better if he were an officer. She laughed merrily. "Don't you see, Mr. Saunders, mama has been so accustomed to military titles she thinks every soldier should be an officer."

"That's the way with the militia, but Miss Lettie we have a peppery red-haired Irish Captain and if 'Old Cayenne,' as we call him, knew I was passing off as an officer, I don't know what would become of me."

"But you see you are a lieutenant only while you are out here."

Jim laughed. "That kid brother of yours caught on. I know he just despises me for deceiving you and your mother."

"Well I'll fix that all right with Sam. You see he's resenting the way they refuse to take him in the army because he is only seventeen and does not weigh enough."

They were laughing over Sam's disappoint-

ment when the imposing figure of Mrs. Martin appeared in the doorway. Lettie rose to say "good night," the coming of her mother being always the signal for "lights out," as far as her daughter's admirers were concerned.

"What should I do with a private passing himself off as an officer?" Captain Leary asked as he and Jim sat on a log the next night after supper. The Captain shook his red curls. "Well, if I caught any of you chaps fooling people about your rank, I'd just like to duck you in that horse pond yonder. What's the use of that sort of thing? The right ones will get promoted. You will be a corporal yourself, Jim, very soon."

"Well its like this, Captain. There's a nice little girl here that I go to see. You may have noticed her in church. Her mother thinks every soldier should be an officer and she would not allow the young lady to receive visits from a private."

"She ought to be commanding a militia company. They are all officers and no privates with them."

"Well, you see, Captain, her husband was a militia colonel."

"Glory be, but them sort is thick as blackberries."

"Her father was a Colonel in the Civil War."

"That was the real thing, my lad."

Then she has two brothers, both of them captains in the Spanish-American War."

"That fuss was all right as far as it went."

"So you see, Captain, there are military titles all around this old lady and I was to please her."

"I see, my lad, and if you stay around that old dame long enough she'll have you a brigadier-general."

"Well, to give me a better standing with her mother, the little girl calls me 'Lieutenant Saunders.' She started it. I never thought of such a thing."

Captain Leary laughed out heartily. "My sergeants and my corporals must take a back seat till you jump over their heads. Why if the young lady doesn't think as much of you as a private— —"

"It isn't the girl herself. It's her mother. Why you know these old Southern ladies, how spirited they are. They could join Pershing's army right now. Their voices are so soft and their manners so gentle. You don't know them."

"Don't I? Sure didn't I marry one of them? Looks like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, she is that gentle with a voice like a thrush and glory be, if I didn't go back into the army after serving through all the Spanish-American War, I just believe she'd take a rope and haul me in. I wouldn't have her any different. But, my lad, about this sudden promotion of yours, it fairly takes my breath away. However, if you will

always be sure and leave this new rank of yours inside the lady's gate, we won't say anything. Don't let your new military title go roaming around the camp or the old man, the colonel, will be hearing of it."

Matters were going prosperously for Jim. He and Lettie had found many things to talk about. Without saying a word to the young man himself, the Captain had spoken to the Colonel of Jim's efficiency and his name stood ready to have "corporal" placed before it. In a few days this promotion came.

"Now Corporal Saunders, you can still be a lieutenant in the home of that gallant old daughter of the regiment, Mrs. Militia Colonel Martin, but you have to drop it at the gate."

Jim laughed and went on to tell Lettie the good news.

"So you are really an officer after all. I just knew it was coming," said Lettie as Jim modestly announced his promotion.

"Corporal Saunders. That sounds so nice. I would like to call you that but mother would not understand so you must still be Lieutenant Saunders out here."

"I only wish you would say you would like to call me— —"

"O, but Corporal— Lieutenant— — just yet me show you the plants you had sent to me from Ohio. They are growing just like they belonged to Alabama."

The Christmas season was close at hand. A few evenings later Mrs. Martin sailed out on the gallery where Jim and Lettie were talking—of the tariff perhaps. The older lady cordially invited Jim to take dinner with her the following evening saying the Colonel would also honor her.

Out on the road Jim met Sam. "Well, Sam, I have a real promotion now. I am a corporal. If I keep on I will be a really truly lieutenant."

"Of course you will, but its bully to be a corporal." .

"You know of course, Sam, it was Miss Lettie who first began to call me a lieutenant."

"O, I know all about that. Mother thinks

every man in the army should be an officer. Now I can't even get in as a private."

"Never mind, Sam, if this thing keeps up, you can add some more pounds and some more years to yourself. Why I'll just look around and see if there isn't a place in the camp where they could use you."

"O, would you, Corporal? And say, every time tomorrow, they call you 'Lieutenant' before the Colonel, I will say, 'Corporal,' right out loud so he will think they just made a mistake."

Colonel Warfield was an army man to his finger tips. He had met and admired Mrs. Colonel Martin and he had been impressed with the atmosphere of her happy Catholic home. Like most strong men, Colonel Warfield placed a special value on feminine gentleness, where it did not mean weakness. No one who really knew Mrs. Martin would make that mistake.

Jim spent much time in preparing for the dinner. "Where's the party, Corporal?" asked Captain Leary. You youngsters seem to have plenty of time for dancing these days."

"Well, Captain, it's better than a dance. Mrs. Martin has asked me to dinner and I will have a whole long evening with Miss Lettie. The Colonel will be there too. If only the old lady won't call me 'Lieutenant' before the Colonel. That boy Sam has promised me that he will say 'Corporal' out loud every time they say 'Lieutenant' so the Colonel will think it is a mistake."

"Glory be! Is that lad going to reduce you right before the Colonel's widow? You'll be lucky if the old lady doesn't begin by calling you 'Colonel' and the boy will have to put you down in the ranks again. Glory be, Corporal, but you do look pretty."

"Just can't help it Captain," Jim laughed happily.

"Say, Corporal, did you know the old boy is greatly taken with the young lady's mother? I saw him escorting her the other evening to a show. Look out. He might be your father-in-law yet. Then you'll be all right with your

The Tabernacle

MINNIE MORTIMER

I would I were the Tabernacle
Where hides sweet Jesus crucified;
All gilded with a heart's devotion,
From all transgressions purified.—
I would I were His Tabernacle
Where He could find such sweet delight
That haply He would linger—linger,
Thro' life's bright day, thro' death's dark night.

But He can make a Tabernacle
(If so it be His loving choice)
Of this poor heart—proud, wayward, foolish,
That in His grace it may rejoice.
Yet lo! I am His Tabernacle—
When the white Host comes to His own....
Where is my love—my heart's devotion?
Thou, Lord, canst give it—Thou alone!

mother-in-law, the widow of a militia Colonel, and your father-in-law, going to be brigadier general as sure as—”

“As sure as you are going to be a colonel.”

Captain Leary shook his red curls thoughtfully. “Well, maybe so and maybe not. But while you are passing the bouquets around you might tip the young lady off to let the lieutenant business alone before the colonel. If you keep on you’ll be a lieutenant sure enough so you can say it out loud.” The Captain came nearer. “Jim, you go and have your pleasure tonight. Tomorrow night I want you for some special guard duty. I have a sort of feeling that there are prowlers around that old warehouse where the powder is stored. If some rascal got there with a match there is to telling what harm he could do. These woods around the camp are thick enough to hide any number of prowlers.”

Jim stopped and turned around. “Well, maybe I had better stay tonight, Captain.”

“No, no lad, you go on to the party. I’ll just take a look there myself tonight.”

Lettie met Jim at the door, looking very pretty in her fluffy white dress, Mrs. Martin looked stately and impressive and Jim thought humorously of how his own stern commander would be impressed. He was talking to Lettie as the Colonel came in. He could feel his knees shaking as he rose to salute.

“Ah, Corporal Saunders. Just promoted, I understand.”

Jim bowed and as Mrs. Martin was just then out of the room she did not hear of his sudden reduction in rank.

As Colonel Warfield looked around the attractive dinner table, at the handsome widow, the pretty young daughter and the manly son, he almost sighed out loud thinking of his own lonely bachelor state.

“When the war is over,” he was telling himself, “but why wait for that. Every fellow in my regiment has a wife or a sweetheart or some one to care about him. Now a fine Catholic woman who has raised such a family—”

“Lieutenant Saunders, won’t you try some of this ham?”

The Colonel raised his martial eyebrows.

“Mother means ‘Corporal,’ Colonel,” whispered Sam, who had purposely placed himself beside the officer. “You see she just mixes the grades.”

“Ah, I see,” the Colonel’s brow cleared. He turned to his left. “You say, Madam, that your brother, Lieutenant Stevens served in the Spanish-American War?”

“I had two brothers in that war, Colonel, both of them Captains.” Mrs. Martin’s tone was slightly stiff.

“I do not recall any Captains Stevens but I

do remember two lieutenants of that name. Promoted later perhaps. We were a badly scattered lot in that war and so I may have missed them.”

Mrs. Martin bowed graciously though silently.

“Gee-whillikens,” thought Sam, “maybe the uncles were only lieutenants after all, and militia Captains after that, and granddad is the only real Colonel.”

Colonel Warfield was feeling some chilliness in the air. His martial brow again became clouded and so he repeated: “Yes, I do remember the two Lieutenants Stevens very well.”

“My brothers were both Captains,” again asserted Mrs. Martin with decision.

“With Jim going down to Corporal and the uncles to lieutenants it’s rather hard on the matter,” Sam was thinking.

“It seems so natural to have army officers at my table.” Mrs. Martin’s voice was like honey. The Colonel laughed and winked at Jim, the Corporal of a few days.

“Now Lieutenant Saunders, let me fill your cup.”

“She doesn’t know the difference,” whispered Sam to the surprised Colonel, as his mother was engaged in filling the cup of the furiously blushing Jim. “She thinks a lieutenant and a corporal are all the same.”

“Of course, of course, my lad. That is a small matter. Your mother is a very charming woman.”

“What are you and Sam plotting over there, Colonel?” Mrs. Martin asked archly. “My boy is so eager to get into the service that if there were any place he could fill, I would be quite willing to let him go.”

“Fine, fine Madam. I like to see that spirit in young lads, I’ll just see if I can’t use him in the camp.” Sam was beaming. “Corporal Saunders,” in the Colonel’s best drill tone, “You may take Master Martin with you tomorrow.”

“Corporal Saunders?” repeated Mrs. Martin but her question was drowned in Sam’s uplifted voice: “O thank you, thank you, Colonel Warfield.”

After dinner the Colonel and Mrs. Martin sat in the wide parlor while Jim and Lettie strolled around the garden.

“Jim,” said Sam, holding him back as he started to go, “there’s been some queer looking chaps loafing around in the woods over there. They pretend to be hunters. They hide all day and come out at night. Don’t tell Lettie and mother but I mean to walk back with you to the camp. We will see if we can find these men. There goes the Colonel in his auto.”

Jim thought a second before replying. What

if there were any real danger and this eager boy, Lettie's only brother, ran into it?

"All right, Sam," said Jim after deciding that there might be nothing to fear. It was a very dark night as they started.

"Sam, just look head to the right."

A little way off were three slowly moving figures.

"Let's follow them, Sam. They are making for the powder house." And Jim forgot in his soldier zeal the risk to the boy at his side.

The three prowlers turned and went around to the rear of the old cotton warehouse where the powder was stored. Something sprang up at the men from the side of the building and as they came nearer Jim saw the illuminating head of Captain Leary.

"Halt!" said the Captain to the first intruder, holding out his pistol on the ground. Near the side of the building was the lighted fuse of an explosive. Jim came running up as Leary and one of the plotters closed in a hand to hand struggle. Jim jumped with both feet on the fuse and extinguished it. He had just finished an aspiration to the Sacred Heart for safety, when he felt a stinging blow on his shoulder from the bullet of one of the plotters.

"Call the sentry back," ordered the Captain.

"No need of him yet, Captain," said Jim.

The fighting blood of generations rose in little Sam. Slight as he was, one blow from his well-aimed brick, the only weapon he could find, felled the third plotter. Jim had struck his assailant down and was sitting on him while the Captain overpowered his opponent.

"Sam, bring me that clothes line," said the breathless Captain as he stood over the prostrate man.

"Now, boy scout," said Jim still sitting on the fallen plotter "tie up these prisoners. First fix the one you sent down with the brick. Bricks are not usual army weapons but yours did the trick."

"Say, Corporal," cried the Captain, "you're all blood."

"Gee, Jim, the blood is just running down your arm."

"Never mind, Sam, just a scratch on my shoulder. It's my first wound in the war. Just wait till we fix up these fellows."

"Wanted to blow up the powder house, did you?" asked the indignant Leary. "A check for a thousand dollars in your pocket I'll bet and ye don't look like foreigners either."

The camp next day rang with the prowess of Corporal Saunders and young Sam Martin. No one was more enthusiastic over their help to him than Captain Leary. His red curls bobbed as he described the feat. "Sure, Colonel, little Sam and Corporal, who isn't much more than a

lad himself they did great work. Great work, Colonel."

"Little Sam? You mean the son of Mrs. Martin who lives down the road."

"The same, Colonel, the same. Sure the lad must have fine fighting blood in him."

"I think so, I think so," agreed the Colonel, and really after meeting Mrs. Martin he could not help knowing it.

"I have told Corporal Saunders to take young Martin into the camp. There will be something for a lad like that to do." And old Leary thought within himself that Sam would have plenty to do to live up to the military record of his family.

"And, Captain, I am going to send in Corporal Saunders' name for promotion as a lieutenant. After last night's fine work he surely ought to have it."

"Sure, sure, Colonel. Why Corporal Saunders just jumped on the fuse with his own two feet."

"It was a most fortunate escape. If that fire had started with all that powder, it would have been most disastrous."

Lettie Martin heard the story with a glow of enthusiasm. Her own Jim. It was wonderful. And he had been shot. Just a scratch, but it made her shiver thinking of him being wounded. And dear little Sam, she would never forget him and after she and Jim—but her visions of the future were constantly intruded upon by the ceaseless eloquence of her mother. The gentle old brigadier general was fighting over again every battle in which the men of her family had participated to show where Sam had derived his courage.

"Of course your dear father was only a militia Colonel but he was such a fine figure on horseback escorting the Governor. And now even little Sam. It's just in the blood."

The marriage day of Jim and Lettie had been set. It was to be just after Christmas and Jim told her that the best gift he could receive was her consent to marry him.

One evening as Lettie and her mother were watching the retreating, martial figure of the Colonel going down the walk, Mrs. Martin sighed and drew the girl into her arms. "You'll be leaving me soon, darling, and Sam is going into the training camp and I—" she laughed softly, "I suppose I may as well enlist too as all of my family will be in the army. So tonight I have promised Colonel Warfield to marry him as soon as I see you and Lieutenant Saunders settled."

"O Mother, I am so glad you will not be left alone."

When Captain Leary received the invitations to the two weddings his red curls bobbed and his blue eyes were full of laughter. As he was

helping Jim and Lettie to decorate the altar for Christmas he said to the lieutenant:

"Sure now the brigadier-general has got the whole regiment in the family as it were. There's her own boy, Private Martin. There's her son-in-law, Lieutenant Saunders and her husband the Colonel himself. That old dame will make

him a brigadier-general, for all her soft ways she could lead a regiment herself. The dear old soul. Don't I know them? Didn't I marry one of that sort? Hardly ever raises her voice and seems that gentle and soft but when trouble comes, glory be! she's a whole battalion herself."

This Saying is Hard-Who can Bear it?

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued)

IN another instance Father O'Hara may meet the issue by suggesting a novena for perseverance for those who answer questions for the *Survey* in these ways:

I

"Because of the fact that I have been pretty scrupulous, there have probably been immense benefits that I have not been level-headed enough to see. For a long time I was in the class of those who feel that the frequent reception of Holy Communion will finally result in the lessening of one's respect and devotion. Again, my scruples always left me in an uneasy state; never did I approach the Sacraments with the candid simplicity that so many of the boys possess."

II

"Every time I receive Holy Communion I find myself guiltier of lack of respect than the previous time. I feel, however, that it is not that this lack of reverence has grown, but that it is being found out; so I keep up the practice of frequent Communion.

His attack is infinitely varied, and that accounts in part for the eagerness with which many of the students watch daily to see what the *Bulletin* will have to say.

The Embarrassment of Riches. If one is not to the manor born, riches may take all the joy out of his life, because of their power to satisfy his wants they take away the joy there is in wanting something. And if joy is all placed in sensation or in emotion, the hectic race for more joy leaves one's nerves exhausted.

Assueta Vilesunt. We must use our intelligence to maintain our regard for things with which we become familiar. The saints in heaven are the familiar friends of God, but their familiarity

does not take away from their joy of possessing Him.

Nowhere in this country is there a community which enjoys closer intimacy with the Blessed Sacrament than does the student body at Notre Dame. Our Lord lives in our very midst—even next to our living rooms. Do not despise your privilege.

On occasion Father O'Hara may devote an entire *Bulletin* to meeting objections taken from the *Religious Survey*. His answers he bases on experience in spiritual direction incidental to over 1,250,000 Communions in the past eight years.

Laziness. No excuse. No matter what time you get up in the morning there is always an opportunity to receive. Come to Sorin Hall Chapel. Ring the bell.

No Objection. This is dangerous. It smacks of indifference. St. John wrote to the Church of Laodicea: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would that thou were cold or hot. But because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth." —Apocalypse 3:15,16.

Scruples. Bogus. A man has no more right to scruples than he has to infected tonsils. Surgery will cure both. As a rule, the only sin the scrupulous man commits are two sins he never thinks about: pride and disobedience. All he has to do is to place himself in the hands of a spiritual director and accept his word as law. A novena of Communions in honor of the Sacred Heart will cure stubborn cases.

No Devotion. A mental short circuit. Sensible devotion, the "feeling-good-all-over" that comes at times to infrequent Communicants, is like the candy we give a child to get it to come back. It is not only not essential, but it may be dangerous. The essential devotion consists in a desire for the mind

to know God better and for the will to love God more. This may be intense even where there are constant involuntary distractions.

Fear of Routine. Then no good habits should be formed, because habit takes away from the subjective merit of an act, since it makes it easier to perform. A good intention and an honest effort at preparation and thanksgiving will take away any danger of unworthiness.

Fear of Irreverence. "Sacramenta propter homines"—the sacraments were instituted for men. If Our Lord had instituted the Blessed Sacrament primarily for reverence, He would have given it another form. He gave it the form of bread, our commonest daily foods. In the *Survey* (1922) 329 students stated that Holy Communion increased their respect for the Blessed Sacrament.

We Sing Psalms in Babylon. We live in the world—in Babylon. And we have "to sing the song of the Lord" in Babylon. We have to save our souls.

The Difference. Before God gave us the Blessed Sacrament, the Chosen People had to live apart from the world to keep the faith. The Blessed Sacrament makes it possible for us to live in the midst of Babylon. And daily Communion is "the song of the Lord in a strange land."

Another Objection to Daily Communion. "I quit because I wasn't as fervent as at first." Leave joy for heaven. Did it make you avoid sin and grow in virtue?

"I won't be able to keep it up." Behold a prophet! Our Lord said of the man who built new barns to hold his bumper crop: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Go while you have the chance.

"I have a habit of going once a month." You can still keep up the habit, and go the other twenty-nine days out of devotion.

"It will likely become a sacrilegious habit." No one with so tender a conscience would be able to perform the first sacrilegious act necessary for the formation of the habit.

"It is too big a jump from monthly to daily Communion." The jump from mortal to venial sin is much greater, and that's what it means for some people.

"Some daily Communicants scandalize me." "Judge not...." But suppose they do. Be good enough to allow them the benefit of God's mercy and think what they might be without that grace—and how wonderful you might be with that same grace.

"My Parents Object." Honor them, revere them, and pray for them, and remember they didn't have your chance. But don't let them take the place of the Pope as your theologian. If they never have reason to object to anything worse than that in your conduct, you are a dutiful son.

"I would have to go to Confession every day." Go ahead. St. Charles Borromeo did; so did lots of other saints. But you probably exaggerate. Involuntary acts are not sins, although the habits which produce them are sinful. Drive hard at the habit. Daily absolution gives wonderful grace to overcome it.

"I am afraid of my purpose of amendment." Study psychology. A judgment of the intellect that you will probably sin again may coexist with a perfectly honest resolve of the will not to sin again and to avoid the occasions of sin.

"I am afraid I will become too good." God be praised if you do. But leave that to God. It is better to have God take you because you are too good than have the devil take you because you are too bad.

"I never went before." And you did beautifully. And if you had lived in the middle of Africa you would have gotten along beautifully without suspenders.

That there are other negative influences to contend with in addition to personal objections these paragraphs will show:

To the Prefect of Religion:

I wonder if you are aware that in one of the Halls on the Campus there are two students intimidating daily Communicants, spoofing them and causing them to quit?—Wm. J. Burns.

Dear William:

That is going on in two of the Halls. It's a good thing. It shows up character. The bad men in question are the kind who say: "Toot! Toot! Look out! I'm Jesse James." They are not intimidating anyone with moral courage. Of course, if they carry it too

far, someone with courage will hear them and knock the stuffing out of them—and as for the weaklings who quit, they will never make Notre Dame men anyway; so why waste tears?

THE SCOFFERS' CLUB

"Cast out the scoffer and contention shall go with him and quarrels and reproaches shall cease."—Prov. 22:10.

"Even a fool, if he hold his peace, shall be counted wise; and if he close his lips, a man of understanding."—Proverbs 17:28.

In contrast to the student who feels he is not good enough to receive Holy Communion and to whom Father O'Hara sends the message: "Of course not; but as Pope Pius X pointed out, Holy Communion is not a reward for virtue but a means to virtue," there really are people who say, "I'm good; I don't have to go to Communion." To these Father O'Hara replies, "So was David—but he fell into grave sin, because he trusted in himself. So was Peter—but he denied Our Lord, because he bragged. The man who received one talent was good in a negative way, but he was sent to hell by a just God for not being good in a positive way. You will have to render an account to God for the graces you neglect."

THE MAN OF TWENTY

"A friend of mine says the beads every day and never misses his morning prayers. He even says grace in the Cafeteria. But he receives Holy Communion only once in three months and says no one is good enough to go oftener."

A case of arrested development. Your friend is all right and will save his soul: his devotion to the Blessed Virgin will take care of that. Only he should wear donegals to carry out the effect. If you really want him to profit by the additional graces of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, suggest to him that the Civil War is over and that when the Pope settles a mooted theological question, all Catholics have to do is obey.

St. Philip Neri, who lived three and a half centuries ago, and who saved the souls of more young men than any other saint, makes the striking statement that "for a young man of twenty the *only* safeguard is the Blessed Sacrament."

To the student who feels that it seems a mockery to go to Holy Communion every morn-

ing and go back to confession with the same sins the morning after, Father O'Hara says: "If you feel that way about someone else, mind your own business. If you feel that way about yourself, it is a pious thought. If you find it hard to break some sinful habit, ask your confessor for specific advice on it. Every vice will yield to rough treatment. Take some penance that hurts—that's what makes a man of you. Abstain from some pleasure for each instance of failure.

(To be continued)

On Reading the Bible*

DOM F. W. KNOWLES, O. S. B.

Pope Benedict XV, in his Encyclical Letter on "Saint Jerome and Holy Scripture," says that Catholics should love the Bible and read it. Many people love it, but do not read it. This is a weak kind of love. If the Bible is "God's letter to us men," it deserves a love that will make us read what He has written. Once we begin to read, we shall be led by the benefits we gain to read constantly.

It will help us to resolve to do this, to consider what are the benefits we may expect from the devout reading of Holy Scripture.

But, first, let me say that, since these benefits will be personal to you, I cannot foretell exactly what they will be; if your soul is weak, it will receive strength; if you have trials to meet, you will receive understanding and courage; if you are suffering, you will receive comfort. This in general is certain: you will find just what you need of strength and healing in God's own Word.

It may, however, be useful and encouraging to state in general some of the benefits likely to accrue to devout readers of the Sacred Scriptures.

(1) *Hope, Comfort and Patience.* There are dull, grey days in every life; sometimes the dark clouds seem to have no silver lining; trials and misfortunes succeed one another; God seems far away and indifferent. Now, exactly such a situation has been described in the pages of Holy Scripture and the key to it is given there. God is described as rejoicing in the virtuous life of a certain highly respected and wealthy man; the devil is introduced as sneer-

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—The author of these articles on Holy Scripture will be pleased to answer through THE GRAIL questions of a Biblical nature. Such questions would serve the purpose of letting him know the needs of our readers. Questions may be addressed to the author, Rev. Dom F. W. Knowles, O. S. B., St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, D. C., or c/o THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

ing at the virtue of this good man; God says in effect, "You may put it to the test." Then the scene changes and we are on earth; troubles begin; the man is robbed of his cattle, then of his camels, then his sheep are struck by lightning; nor is this all: his children are all killed by the falling of a house and lastly his own body is attacked by a loathsome disease. Again the scene changes: some neighbors arrive; they "comfort" the wretched man by insinuating that he must have deserved these afflictions! The poor sufferer's wife was still living and this his helpmate had already expressed her opinion that his virtuous life was all a mistake. God has been watching all the time and not only watching but strengthening his faithful servant during the fight. In the final scene God rebukes those uncharitable neighbors, and with a touch of humour they have to come and ask their victim to pray for them; the devil's sneer has been proved to be a lie; the virtue of the sufferer has been immensely strengthened and all his losses are made up to him twice over.

Now, Job, the story of whose trial I have briefly told, did not know of the first scene in the drama and herein is the lesson of the Book. In our troubles, do we not forget that there is always such a first scene? But "what things soever were written, were written for our learning; that through patience and the comfort of the Scriptures we might have hope."

(2) *Joy and Peace.* It often seems that evil is getting the mastery over good; wicked men get on, the good go to the wall; governments that persecute the Church flourish for a time, become rich and powerful; our souls get disturbed, our trust in Divine Providence is shaken. Now events like the above have happened before; God's servants have been troubled by them, but they discovered "that all things work together unto good" to such as serve God. Why do we not use their discoveries? The answer is that we are not familiar with the events referred to; yet they were "written for our learning." Some thirty-six centuries ago a widespread famine was coming upon an unsuspecting land; it happened that the murder of a fine young man was plotted at that time: the murder was only not carried out, because it was thought preferable to sell the young man into slavery; some years afterwards the famine began and food became so scarce that a certain family, for which as a matter of fact God had a great destiny in store, was in danger of being starved to death. The outlook was very dismal, but God was watching and providing. The young slave in a foreign land had risen to a high position and had used it to store up during years of exceptional fertility

great quantities of grain; from these he was able during the famine to feed two whole nations, that of his birth and that of his adoption. The simple, prayerful reading of the Bible develops in the mind the conviction, so full of peace and joy, that God rules over the universe, which He made, and disposes all things for the good of his servants. Saint Jerome writes: "What food, what honey could be sweeter than to learn of God's Providence, to enter into His shrine and look into the mind of the Creator, to listen to the Lord's words at which the wise of this world laugh, but which really are full of spiritual teaching? Others may have their wealth, may drink out of jewelled cups, be clad in silks, enjoy popular applause, find it impossible to exhaust their wealth by dissipating it in pleasures of all kinds; but our delight is to meditate on the Law of the Lord day and night, to knock at His door when shut, to receive our food from the Trinity of Persons, and, under the guidance of the Lord, trample under foot the swelling tumults of the world."

(3) *Knowledge of God.* If "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," then how can God Himself be better known than from His own account, His own record of His dealings with mankind? His power, wisdom, mercy and love of us are clearly seen, being understood by the "letter" that He has written to us men. Where, if not in the pages of the Scriptures, can a devout soul get the knowledge of God which underlies the following quotation? "Her joy is to traverse again in thought the life of the Word (God-made Man). She regards Him in the bosom of the Father, in the immaculate womb of the Virgin, where He became incarnate, in the crib at Bethlehem, in the workshop at Nazareth, follows Him to the desert, on the roads of Judea, enters with Him the Temple and the Synagogues, accompanies Him to Bethany, to the Last Supper, the Garden of Olives, the Pretorium and Golgotha; she dwells with Him on Calvary, sharing the pains and humiliations of her Spouse. With Magdalene on the morning of the Resurrection, she recognizes in Him the 'Rabboni' and adores. She receives His divine benediction the day of the Ascension, and at Pentecost the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Everywhere it is the same Word, the Lord and Master, Friend and Spouse that she seeks, in order to discover the secrets of His works, the sentiments of His soul, to measure with eyes illuminated with love, the breadth and length and height and depth of the mystery of His love. Loving, she scrutinizes His actions that they may become the models for her own, re-

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Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—"Science, real, not false science, discloses to its followers a lofty ideal, worthy of the reverence of every man. This ideal is truth, always, everywhere, at any cost. Without selfishness or passion or prejudice, at the sacrifice of health and wealth, of fame and friendship and life itself, the real scientist worships at truth's altar, realizing, as the Church teaches, that there can be no vital conflict or contradiction between the truth revealed to man by God in the natural order and that made manifest by Him in the supernatural."—Cardinal Hayes at the dedication of the Paulist Radio Station, New York City.

—Does the presence of a loud noise aid the hearing of the partially deaf? Experiments indicate that, in the presence of a loud noise, those hard of hearing do sometimes hear conversations better than do persons with normal hearing under the same circumstances. The surprising fact, though, is that the same deafened persons will hear less well in the noise than in the quiet. The normal person, in the presence of noise, finding his hearing burdened by the din, naturally raises the pitch and increases the volume of his voice. This is what enables the afflicted person to hear better.

—Radios bring back commerce to our rivers and inland waterways. The first great advantage of wireless communication is that the exact time of the boat's arrival can be determined. Arrangements can thus be made between shipper and buyer to prepare the machinery for unloading and to time the arrival of trucks. Another great advantage is, in case of an accident to the steamboat, repairs and expert aid can be rushed to the distressed ship.

—St. Augustine's words: "Seminal reasons" are often quoted as favoring a sort of evolution. In "Augustine and Evolution," Fr. Henry Woods, S. J., shows the Saint did not mean that forces of nature can bring anything out of nothing. The real meaning is given in the following words of St. Thomas: "We call them seminal reasons, not because they contain the being imperfectly, as in the case with the formative virtue in the seed but because such virtues were by the work of the six days placed in the first created individuals of things so that from them as from seeds natural things might be produced."

—Water-divining is regarded by many scientific men as a fake or superstition yet many cases are reported to show its reality. Mr. B. Tompkins, a man gifted in this way, has recently published a book: "Springs of Water, and How to Discover them by the Divining Rod." Mr. Tompkins advances an 'electro-corpuscule' theory for his operation. When he is insulated from the ground, the divining rod refuses to move, neither is there any movement if the body circuit is not completed. According to him the use of the divining rod isenerating. The writer of these Notes remembers how wells for the Abbey were located several years ago by

the divining rod. Mr. Tompkins claims that not more than one person in a million possesses this peculiar power of discovering water.

—Transparent steel is announced from Germany. The sheets are of such extreme thinness that they are as transparent as the clearest glass. The alpha rays of radium, which are stopped by a sheet of paper, can pass through them. They are made by depositing an extremely fine film of metal on a smooth surface by electricity. The film is then removed from the surface which supports it.

—Statistics prove that most airplane accidents are not due to the machine but to the man. The causes are lack of training and necessary physical fitness, together with stunting.

—The largest and most accurate map in the world is to be finished within twenty years. It has been in the making for nearly fifty years. It will represent every detail of the United States, drawn to scale in every particular, to the smallest rise and fall of hills and valleys. Place your pencil at random on any part of the map, and you can determine the altitude of that point. Farmers can use these maps to tell the rise and fall for drainage projects, or for irrigation, or to calculate the water power of the stream flowing through their land. Of still greater benefit are the maps for highway engineers and railroad builders. About seventy per cent of the country is still to be surveyed by the U. S. Geological Survey. Fifty million dollars is the estimated cost, and Congress has voted larger annual appropriations to expedite the work.

—Light at last on cancer! Reliable reports of the experiments in England state that cancer is caused by two separate and quite different elements which must act together—a virus and what Dr. Gye, one of the discoverers, calls the 'specific factor.' The virus is the living, parasitic organism, which would popularly be called a germ; while the specific factor is a chemical substance produced by the cells of the body. *The Lancet*, foremost British medical journal, states that the discovery 'marks an event in the history of medicine.' With the cause now known, the medical world will work for a remedy.

—Steady progress is reported in the successful treatment of leprosy. Experience now warrants the statement that of the lepers who have not had the disease for more than four or five years and are not beyond the period of young adult life, 25 per cent can be cured. Chaulmoogra oil is proving the successful medicine. Radium promises to become a curative agent also.

—Light waves or light bullets? Are light waves merely vibrations of the ether, or shall we return to a modified version of the Middle Age theory that light waves consist of particles? The constant recurrence in current scientific literature of certain phenomena that seek a solution in the corpuscular theory of light prompts the questions. Professor Albert Einstein, of 'relativity'

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fame, has revived the old Newtonian idea of light corpuscles in the form of quanta.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Does the human mind emit radio waves? If so, much of its broadcasting is jazz.

—Ignorance of the law excuses no man. What a memory training to master our several million laws!

—Children are learning the alphabet by learning the radio calls.

—If radio keeps the farm boys on the farm, will they become static?

—Wanted: some genius to cross spinach with poison ivy.

—Students of experience who receive their diplomas at grade crossings never attend the class reunions.

—A good professor brings things 'home' to you in a way you never saw before, but so does the laundry.

—Many music pupils prefer practicing the rests.

—We swat the fly to kill the germ. Why doesn't the germ kill the fly?

—Divorce is one key to a solution that does not fit a Catholic wedlock.

—Many a checkered career ends in a striped suit.

—When a law is not a force it becomes a farce.

—In pre-flivver days it was estimated that a telephone pole would last fifteen years.

—Narrow-minded people are usually thick-headed.

—The golden rod is a good broadcaster—for the victim of hay fever.

—The worst thing for the sufferer from hay fever is the lack of sympathy from the non-afflicted.

—Little Bobbie defines the dromedary as a two-masted camel.

—When all the world is educated and can form opinions before-hand, how can you pick a jury?

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—The Knights of Columbus at Uniontown, Kentucky, have voted to give the Bishop of the diocese (Louisville) \$100 each year to assist him in financing the education of candidates for the priesthood. This is a move worthy of the Knights and deserves imitation in other councils throughout the country.

—Several months ago Mr. Edward Jacobi, a New York theatrical helper, went to Lourdes on a stretcher in the hope that Our Lady of Lourdes would obtain his recovery. His case had been pronounced hopeless by the doctors. What man cannot accomplish is not impossible with God. Confidence in the intercession of Mary was not misplaced. Mr. Jacobi was healed of his infirmity and he has returned to his family a well man.

—Another recent cure at Lourdes was that of an English woman, whom the doctors had likewise pronounced incurable. Upon her return to London three nurses at the hospital where she had been a patient embraced the Faith because of the miracle that had been worked.

—A young French woman, who was cured of tuber-

culosis at the same holy shrine, will, out of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, consecrate herself to God in religion.

—Because his wife became a Catholic, the Anglican Bishop Bidwell, of Kingston, Ontario, Canada, handed in his resignation, but the House of Bishops of the Province of Ontario refused to accept it.

—Serving in the same family for seventy-five years is the record of Marie le Pellec, who died recently at the advanced age of 88 at Treguidel in the Department of Cotes-du-Nord, says the N. C. W. C. News Service. Not only was she a faithful servant but also a pious woman. For more than sixty years, despite heavy work, she fasted each day until night. She never missed Mass and Vespers through her fault, and never omitted the rosary before going to bed.

—Pat Rooney, Sr., who for nearly seventy years has been before the footlights entertaining theatergoers, stated recently at Baltimore, his home town, that never in any of the shows in which he has appeared has he ever used a vulgar word on the stage. (Can our *Catholic* stage make the same proud boast?) When he became master of his own shows, nothing vulgar was ever permitted in the lines of any of the company. This actor claims never to have said anything vulgar in the presence of his own mother and consequently he respected all other women.

—In the city-wide spelling contest at Rochester, New York, open both to public and parochial school, the latter carried off every one of the prizes—fifteen in all. Yet there are Catholics who say that our schools are inferior.

—According to latest statistics 12,990,000 are said to have died in World War; there are 10,555,000 permanent sufferers, while 710,000 are totally disabled. The influenza and famine due to the war claimed 16,000,000 as its toll. That makes a grand total of 40,255,000. How much better off is the world for all this carnage—how much wiser?

—The National Catholic Rural Life Conference held its third annual convention at the Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, from October 21 to 25. The days of the Convention were crowded with speeches by priests, lay professors, and other prominent laymen acquainted with, and interested in, the problems of Catholic rural life.

—Pupils of the St. Raphael School, Springfield, Ohio, captured eight out of twelve prizes that were offered in a competitive contest that was open to all the school children in city and county.

—In recognition of his "services to humanity, religion, and education of children of immigrants," Cardinal Mundelein has been decorated by Italy with the Star and Cross of a Grande Officiale of the Royal Italian Order of the Crown of Italy. A special messenger brought the distinction to Chicago. Wearing his cardinal's robes, His Eminence received the decoration in his private office in the chancery from the hands of Dr. Leopold Zunini, Consul General. This is the first time that this honor has come to an American.

—In the annual Holy Name parade at Cincinnati on Sunday, October 11th, about 50,000 men marched to

Redland Field, where from an improvised altar Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was given by Archbishop McNicholas to the kneeling multitudes.

—Prof. Charles F. Mutter, who has just celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as organist at St. Michael's Church, Baltimore, has in the past quarter of a century played the organ for 40,000 High Masses and about 5,000 times for Benediction in the same church. He has played the organ at as many as seven High Masses in one day, but his daily average is somewhat less than five. That is surely a record.

—The Knights of St. Columba, an English fraternal order modeled after the Knights of Columbus, has attained, as we read, in the three or four years of its existence a membership of 16,000.

—In memory of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the diocese of Seattle the *Catholic Northwest Progress*, of Seattle, published an historical jubilee edition on October 16th.

—According to the Catholic Encyclopedia there were in Egypt, in 1920, 61,117 Catholics of the Latin rite and 17,416 of other rites. The Vicar Apostolic of Egypt, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ignacio Nuti, says that the Catholics in his vicariate now number more than 150,000, of whom 100,000 are of the Latin rite.

—Two Scandinavian pilgrimages have gone to Rome during the present jubilee year. In the former there were 400 Catholics and 40 non-Catholics, while the latter was composed of 180 non-Catholics and only 30 Catholics. We are told that these good non-Catholics were very deeply impressed with all that they saw. They participated in all the prayers and visits to the basilicas, attended the Papal Mass and audience, and demonstrated no less veneration for the Vicar of Christ than did their fellow countrymen of the Catholic faith. When the Holy Father arrived for the audience, all knelt and remained kneeling while he passed. They reverently kissed his extended hand and gratefully accepted the jubilee medal that was offered to them. As the Holy Father left the audience room the pilgrims gave three cheers. It is said that straws show which way the wind blows. This manifestation of veneration for the Vicar of Christ is evidently an indication that the Scandinavians will return to unity with Rome.

—At the 1925 Scott County (Minnesota) Fair the pupils of St. Mark's School were awarded more than twice as many prizes as all the other schools in the county combined. The total number of prizes received by this school was 171.

—To mark the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Poor Clares in the United States on October 12, 1875, the nuns of that Order had a celebration at Evansville, Indiana, where they have been established since 1896. Rt. Rev. Alphonse Smith, Bishop of Nashville, was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass. The foundress of this community, one of the two Bentivoglio sisters who introduced the primitive rule of St. Clare in this country, Mother Maddalena, died in the odor of sanctity in 1905. Her body was said to be incorrupt

when examined some years ago. A sweet odor emanated from the body.

—It happens occasionally that a married man, upon the death of his wife, goes through the prescribed course of studies for the priesthood and receives Holy Orders. It not infrequently happens too that a widow renounces the world and enters the religious state. At rare intervals we also hear of man and wife separating, with permission of the Holy See, to devote themselves entirely to God in religion. We have just read of the death of a priest in France, Canon Courbe, the father of twelve children, of whom three sons followed their father into the priesthood.

—Nicholas C. Benziger, of the well-known firm of Benziger Brothers, died at his home at Summit, New Jersey, on October 18th. On January 1st, 1923, Mr. Benziger retired from active service after being connected with the firm for forty-two years.

—The parish of the Visitation at Verboort, Oregon, celebrated its golden jubilee in October. This parish has given the Church four priests and soon there will be a fifth. Twenty-six young women of the parish have entered religion.

—Rev. John Edward Lamal, of Mechlin, Belgium, is still young at 100. On his hundredth birthday Cardinal Mercier made him a canon of the Cathedral. Canon Lamal celebrates Mass every day, reads the papers, and attends to his own correspondence. He has a vivid recollection of the first train that entered Mechlin in 1836.

—At the funeral of Rev. Charles Stehling, D. D., of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on October 23rd, four priestly brothers of the deceased conducted the services.

MISSION

—Rev. Florentine Digmann, S. J., for thirty-nine years a missionary among the Sioux Indians at St. Francis, South Dakota, celebrated on October 1st the diamond Jubilee (60 years) of his entrance into the Society of Jesus.

—Social Mission Sisters, who came from Budapest in 1922 at the invitation of Bishop Schrems, have just opened a new convent at 2438 Mapleside Road, Cleveland. These sisters wear a simple black dress and hat, inconspicuous and in conformity with the general dress of the time. A gold wedding ring with the initials IHS marks them as members of the sisterhood. Their activities comprise settlement work, such as clubs for children and adults, home visiting, and the like.

—The boys' dormitory at the Nez Perce Indian Mission, near Lewiston, Idaho, burned one night early in October. After the fire had been discovered, the Sisters of St. Joseph, who are in charge, worked heroically to save the lives of the little ones committed to their care, yet, despite their efforts, six boys, ranging in age from five to nine, met their death in the flames. It seems that five of them had run back into the burning building either to rouse another companion, or to get some of their belongings, and perished.

—Four Maryknoll priests sailed recently from San Francisco for the missions in the Far East. Three

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other priests of the same Society, together with a priest of the Irish Mission Society and seven Maryknoll Sisters, who had the same destination, set sail from Seattle.

—Rev. Leo Goggin, C. S. C., and Brothers Ludovic and Severin, also of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, have left for the mission fields of India. This band of missionaries went via Rome, whence they will be accompanied by Rev. Michael Mangan, C. S. C.

—A whole tribe of natives in the jungles of India, of whom 33,000 are Protestants, has, according to current report, sent seven envoys to the Holy Cross mission at Dacca, India, stating that the whole tribe wants to become Catholic. The mission at Dacca is under the spiritual direction of the Fathers of the Holy Cross whose headquarters are at Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church in the Cincinnati area held a "self-denial" week recently for missionary purposes. The results were approximately \$100,000.

—Two Capuchin Fathers, Rev. Felix Schelb, of Our Lady of Angels' Church, New York, and Rev. Gabriel McCarthy, of Cumberland, Maryland, have left for the mission fields in China. Cardinal Hayes imparted Solenn Benediction at the departure ceremonies.

—In mid-October Rev. James Creane, S. J., Rev. Leo Frank, S. J., and Mr. James Gibbons, S. J., left for the mission field in the district of Patna, India.

—Holy Trinity Church, Cincinnati, has been turned over to the exclusive use of Colored Catholics. A mission was held there recently and thirty-three are under instruction.

EUCCHARISTIC

—Under date of June 9, 1920, Pope Benedict XV granted the faithful an indulgence of 30 days as often as they recite before the Blessed Sacrament, whether exposed or within the tabernacle, the words of St. Peter: "Thou art Christ the Son of the Living God." This indulgence is applicable to the souls in purgatory.

—The Nocturnal Adoration Society in Chicago has a membership of more than 700 men.

—At Bloemendaal near Haarlem in Holland a Eucharistic triduum was recently inaugurated for the sick and invalids in the neighborhood. The evening before the triduum 175 stretcher beds and reclining chairs were arranged before the altar. On the following morning motor cars and ambulances gathered up the sick, who attended Mass and received Holy Communion. Before they were taken home again each of the sick was blessed individually with the monstrance by the priest. The triduum will be an annual affair. There will also be Benediction once a month for the sick.

—At Manchester, England, thousands attended the railway centenary which was held recently. Mass was offered up for the Catholics on a temporary altar in a large ball room.

BENEDICTINE

—Quoting from "La Documentation Catholique," *St. Peter's Messenger*, (Vol. 3, No. 22), of Muenster, Saskatchewan, Canada, gives the family of St. Benedict the following numbers: 7,858 men wear the black habit; the branch Orders, such as Cistercians, Camaldolesians,

Olivetans, and others number 4,078. Besides these there are 12,627 nuns with the black habit and 2,835 others.

—At the recent meeting of the Benedictine Abbots in Rome 110 Abbots were assembled from all parts of the globe. Many matters of importance to the whole Order were discussed and deliberated upon. At the election for a Primate, which takes place every ten years, the choice fell almost unanimously by the first ballot on the Rt. Rev. Fidelis von Stotzingen, who was reelected. The Abbot-Primate resides in Rome.—Before they left Rome, the Abbots were accorded the privilege of an audience with the Holy Father, and Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., tendered them a reception.

—Very Rev. Patrick Cummins, O. S. B., of Conception, Missouri, who for some years past has been rector of San Anselmo, the International Benedictine College at Rome, has resigned his office; he is succeeded by the Very Rev. Athanasius Staub, O. S. B., S. T. D., Prior at Einsiedeln, Switzerland.

—The Rt. Rev. Ignatius Conrad, O. S. B., Abbot of Subiaco, Arkansas, while on his way to Rome during the summer, was stricken with illness at Einsiedeln, where he first donned the habit of St. Benedict sixty-seven years ago. It was from that famous Abbey that the future Abbot was sent as a priest to the missions in North America. Abbot Ignatius, who is now in his eightieth year, has been in feeble health for some years.

—The Abbey of Emmaus at Prague, in Bohemia, founded originally by the Beuron Congregation, now has its first Czech Abbot in the person of Dom Ernest Vykoukal, O. S. B., who was solemnly blessed and enthroned by Archbishop Kordac. The new Abbot completed his studies at Louvain and spent some time in London, but returned to Prague at the outbreak of the World War. As Prior of the Abbey of Emmaus he was able to steer his community through many great difficulties and troublesome days that followed in the wake of the war.

A December Reverie

HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS

THE white-haired, ruddy-skinned, portly old gentleman, seated in the big armchair, held a newspaper in his hand. "Four hundred million Christmas seals sold in the United States," he read. Deeply absorbed, he finished it. Then he laid the paper on the table beside him, and looked out at the winter landscape. Once or twice he nodded thoughtfully and a gentle smile deepened the grooves in the corners of his mouth and spread over all his benign countenance.

The old gentleman's thoughts sped back to a December 21 years ago, when a lonely little batch of bright colored Christmas seals lay practically unnoticed on a postoffice counter in Denmark. He, Einar Holboell, then an obscure clerk in the little postoffice, had conceived the idea of printing a "Christmas stamp" to be pasted on Christmas mail, as a means of raising a few thousand dollars for the construction of a hospital for tuberculous children. So perfectly did the little stickers fulfill their mission that the news spread over the

country and, when Jacob Riis, one of the foremost of America's social service workers came for a short visit to his mother country, he heard of the great success of the new idea.

He wrote an enthusiastic story for the *Outlook* on the success of the new Christmas seal and Miss Emily Bissell, of Wilmington, Delaware, read the article. She decided that if seals could raise money for tuberculosis work in Denmark, they could perhaps do the same in America. And, sure enough, she was able to sell 300,000 seals. From the proceeds the site was purchased for the first tuberculosis sanatorium in her state.

But the work of the little penny stickers had just begun. From 1908 to 1919 the American Red Cross sponsored the seal sale, which spread more and more rapidly every year. During that time it bore the organization's familiar square-armed cross. In 1919 the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organizations conducted the sale, and from then on the internationally known double-barred cross of the anti-tuberculosis campaign appeared on the seals.

Last year three of the largest printing plants in the United States worked for months to the exclusion of all other orders to turn out 1,250,000,000 seals! Approximately \$4,500,000 was raised from the sale of these little carriers of good health. With the money tuberculosis sanatoria, hospitals, clinics, dispensaries, public health nurses, open air schools and preventoria have been financed. Literally millions of copies of educational printed matter dealing with tuberculosis and general disease prevention have carried the message of good health into American homes. The Modern Health Crusade, probably the largest health education movement in the world, has taught more than 8,000,000 boys and girls daily habits of cleanliness, diet, rest and exercise that will develop them into robust men and women.

In the little town in far-away Denmark the old gentleman, seated in the big armchair, dropped his white head against the upholstered back. A look of smiling contentment and peace settled over his ruddy, cheerful face. He looked so like a personification of Santa Claus that, instinctively, one glanced about the room for the big bag of toys and looked outside the window for his faithful reindeer. But Einar Holboell merely settled himself more comfortably and sighed happily. "After all," he reflected, "it is not given to many of us poor mortals to have their simple ideas result in so much joy to humanity." For a moment he gazed out of the window. Then he shut his eyes and folded his hands in his lap. And so Santa Claus sat dozing, secure in the knowledge that the children of the world would have a merry Christmas.

On Reading the Bible

(Continued from page 363)

reads His words that they may be springs of wisdom and light; judges all things in the clearness of the Gospel. What Christ loves she loves, what He hates—sin—she hates, says 'Amen' to all that He reveals, and 'fiat' to all

that He commands or permits." ("Sponsa Verbi," by Dom Columba Marmion.)

"And this love of Christ," says our late Holy Father Benedict XV, "must ever be the chiefest and most agreeable result of a knowledge of Holy Scripture. So convinced indeed was Jerome that familiarity with the Bible was the royal road to the knowledge and love of Christ that he did not hesitate to say: 'Ignorance of the Bible means ignorance of Christ'."

(4) *The Love of God.* The ever-growing knowledge of God draws the soul to the love of Him. This is brought about by the action of the same Holy Spirit that inspired the Scriptures. Listen to St. Augustine, "What affectionate words did I utter to Thee in those Psalms and how much was I inflamed by them with love of Thee." By this love, Christ begins to reign in the soul, to reign over its desires, to reign as the sole object of its desires. "Thy Kingdom come" begins to be realized.

Now, as it would not cure a sick man to know that the medicines he needed were in a certain drug store; nor nourish a starving man to know where food was to be had, so neither will it benefit you to know that the Word of God is the strength and healing of the soul, unless you read it. The Holy Spirit who wrote will teach you as you read. Your knowledge of Catholic Truth will guard you against any misunderstanding. Truth cannot contradict Truth; He who inspired the Scriptures is the same Spirit of Truth who taught the Apostles and still teaches us by the mouth of their successors. Good, well-instructed Catholics can safely read Sacred Scripture and gain therefrom immense profit for their souls.

We are indebted to the *Fortnightly Review*, of Oct. 1, 1925, for the following quotation from Dr. Hans Karl Wendlandt, a non-Catholic, who, in writing on the activities of Catholic female orders and congregations in Prussia from 1818 to 1918, gives expression to these striking words concerning the Holy Eucharist: "The Catholic religion," he truly says, "stands and falls with belief in the divinity of Christ . . . yes, it teaches that God is really present in the host. . . . One does not need to be a Catholic to understand that the Eucharistic Savior . . . inflames the hearts of His followers with His own love of sacrifice. . . . The Eucharistic God is indeed the strength of Catholicism." These words are quite remarkable, coming as they do from a German Protestant. May he receive the grace to follow the light that now illuminates his interior.

There is nothing so great as the Holy Eucharist.—Ven. Cure of Ars.

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AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I wish you a Merry Christmas! I wish you a Happy New Year! I wish you a whole year of joy and happiness and blessed peace and contentment. I wish you the joy and happiness that comes from loving God and serving Him. I wish you the peace that comes with receiving into your hearts the Divine Infant, at the holy Christmastide.

Christmas bells are ringing
Everywhere today,
Christmas thoughts a-bringing
Near and far away.

A Christmas Tradition

On Christmas Eve, at midnight, country people in England believe that the Christ-Child revisits the earth. Sometimes, therefore, if there is a sick child in the house, the mother will take the little one to the door, just before midnight, and wait till the hour strikes. If the child recovers, it is because the Babe of Bethlehem has touched it with healing fingers during the earthward journey. But if the child sickens and dies, all is well, for the mother's heart is comforted by the thought that the little one was called by the Christ-Child to be his "playmate" in Heaven.



What Lovely Infant

What lovely Infant can this be
That in the little crib I see?
So sweetly on the straw it lies,
It must have come from Paradise.

Who is that Lady kneeling by,
And gazing on so tenderly?
Oh! that is Mary, ever blest;
How full of joy Her holy breast!

Who are those people keeling down,
With crooked sticks and hand so brown
The shepherds from the mountain top,
The little angels woke them up.

What man is that who seems to smile,
And look so blissful all the while?
'Tis holy Joseph, good and true;
The Infant makes him happy, too.

What makes the crib so bright and clear?
What voices sing so sweetly here?
Ah! see behind the window pane,
The little angels looking in.

—Exchange.

The Christmas Angel

The mention of Christmas sets every child heart a-thrill, and what grown-up does not experience a pleasurable feeling as the season draws nigh?

The thought of what we are going to give is often crowded out by the thoughts of what we wish to receive. In this story told by Rossiter Raymond, and re-written by Aunt Agnes, we learn how a selfish little princess learned the true message of the joyous Christmas bells.

Little Theodosia was a princess surrounded by all that her heart could wish for. When she heard the bells ringing on Christmas morning she was so excited that she forgot to say her prayers, forgot to greet her parents or the king and queen in her haste to see what presents were on the tree for her.

As she pushed open the heavy door, she heard a sound like the rustling of wings, which frightened her for a moment. What a beautiful sight met her eyes. In the center of the room there seemed to be a great white pearl hanging from the ceiling. She wished that her gift might be a string of pearls. She said, "I do not care what other folks are going to have, I want to see my pretty gifts." After some searching she found her name and under it a black leather bag with the inscription, "This is for the selfish Theodosia." There was also an inscription which read, "I am worth much to him who can open me." The little princess was so angry that she stamped her feet on the cold floor and wanted to cry except that she was too proud. Suddenly a beautiful angel stood before her with a face that was gentle and kind in beautiful white garments.

Theodosia looked upon the angel with admiration and said, "I know you. You are the Christmas Angel."

The angel said, "You do not know the secret that unlocks all treasures, but if you will come with me, I will show you. As they passed swiftly along, her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The angel told her the story of the first Christmas and of the Blessed Babe which the dear God gave to the world He loved. He told how kings and wise men came from far countries with rich offerings, and how the angels sang for joy.

Theodosia asked timidly, "Were you there?" The angel replied low and sweetly, "Yes, I was there."

Then the angel told how lovely was the Child Jesus, so that all who looked upon Him loved Him, and began to love each other. And then he asked the little girl the meaning of Christmas. "It means that Jesus is born into the world." Then the Christmas bells rang out and seemed to say, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

The angel stopped at a low cottage, and they entered a poor, cheerless room. A pale woman sat sewing by the light of a tallow candle. A little boy crawled from a miserable bed in the corner and was trying to light a fire of chips and cinders. He was cold and hungry. The poor mother kept repeating, "Give us this day our daily bread."

The little girl sighed, "I wish I could do something to help these people." Just then she looked down and the black leather bag had opened slightly, and within she saw silver money. In an instant she scattered a handful in the room. A bright fire went leaping up the chimney. Food appeared on the table, and the little boy and his mother were thanking God for the unknown benefactor. As the angel led Theodosia away, she thought the bells were saying, "Naked, and ye clothed me; hungry, and ye gave me meat; whatsoever ye have done to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

The angel transported her swiftly over many lands and she saw how many people there were who did not know what Christmas meant. Many thousands of them had never heard of Christ, who was born in Bethlehem.

Her heart was so warm with love and good will that she was distressed with so much sin and sorrow in the world. She said to herself, "If there is any more money in this magical bag, I will throw it down upon this wicked world." The bag opened very easily and she saw a magnificent necklace of pearls. In vain she looked for silver or gold, but there was none. She must throw the pearls or nothing. She looked once more at the beautiful gems and then flung them upon the earth. The necklace broke as it fell and the pearls were scattered far and wide. Where every pearl fell, there arose at once a church or a mission school, and in all languages were heard the songs of Thanksgiving.

The bag was now empty, but instead of feeling sorry, Theodosia was glad. She had learned the secret of happiness, and the Christmas bells rang out, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

When the angel returned to the palace with Theodosia, she found the black bag wide open, and full of innumerable gifts, among which lay a beautiful necklace of pearls. Every pearl bore a name like Patience, Gentleness, Virtue, Truth, Innocence. On the largest pearl she read, "The greatest of these is Charity."

Theodosia now realized that the black bag was like her own heart. When closed to charity, it was poor and empty. When opened for the sake of others, it grew richer all the time. And the Christmas bells rang out, "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son." "Beloved, if God so loved us, then ought we to love one another."

O Santa Claus*

P. ALBERT, O. S. B.

(Tune: O Maryland, My Maryland)

O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus,
You are the friend of children—
Of children large of children small,
You are the Christmas friend of all.
O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus,
You are the friend of children.

O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus,
You are to all a father.
On earth you were God's bishop true,
In heav'n you are God's steward too.
O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus,
You are to us a father.

O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus,
You are to us a mother.
You have for all a mother's heart,
And gifts of love to all impart.
O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus,
You are to us a mother.

O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus—
Oh, yes, there is a Santa.
Just see what all he brought for us,
Then say there is no Santa Claus!
O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus—
Oh, yes, there is a Santa Claus.

* "Santa Claus" is a shortened or corrupted form of "Sanctus Nicolaus," the Latin for "St. Nicholas," bishop and confessor, who, to save three persons from beginning a life of shame, secretly bestowed upon them sufficient means to enable them to lead a life of virtue. It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to understand why the bestowing of gifts at Christmas—to gladden the day—is commonly ascribed to the good St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, whose feast occurs on December 6th. The red garb and long beard of the mythical being known as Santa Claus betoken the Russian from the frozen regions of the North.

The Old Fiddler

The old fiddler had been rasping away since 3 o'clock for the children's party, and it was not till nearly 9 that he was told that they had danced enough that he might go into the butler's room to get himself some supper, that, in short, he might go home. But the old fiddler wanted no supper. All he wanted was the sovereign he had to receive for his six hours' hard work. He was a bent, threadbare, worn, old fiddler, but when he left the great house, his feet seemed to spring beneath him.

With his fiddle tucked under his arm, he set out for home, chuckling within himself for very joy.

At the corner there was a toy shop. It was shut up, of course, but he knocked at the private door, and persuaded the proprietor to sell him a horse. It was quite a wonderful horse—made of wood, with a red saddle, and mane all complete. Then he went home—up the long, creaking staircase—up and up, till a shrill voice greeted him.

"Did you meet Santa Claus?" said the little voice.

"Yes, I met him at the corner," said the fiddler.

"And he told me to give you this."

"I thought he'd forgotten," said the little voice, almost choked with glee. "Christmas is nearly gone."

"He did nearly forget," said the old man slyly. "But not quite. Santa Claus never quite forgets."

"I speak," said the little voice, "Santa Claus had so many little boys to go to, he couldn't get here any earlier. I hope he hasn't forgotten any other little boys."

Rocket's Christmas

Rocket was a little Arab bootblack. He was a plucky little fellow who lived in the city's slums. An ash box served him for a bed and if he was successful with his box and brushes he could keep from starving. His father was dead and his mother was somewhere but Rocket did not bother his head as to where, for she paid little attention to him.

It was Christmas eve. The snow had fallen fast all day. It lay in big white banks and drifts along the streets and piled against the buildings. A piercing blast blew cuttingly. The storm was past, and now the stars looked coldly down upon the snow-enshrouded town.

Business had been fairly good for Rocket in spite of the storm and he had within his pocket a whole dollar and a half. That dollar and a half was more than Rocket ever owned before. It was to him a princely fortune, and he thought of all the Christmas pleasures which might be bought. He fell to musing on the good things which he could buy. "I'll get a gobbler's leg and breast with cranberry sauce and nice fixin's, and the very best mince pie and puddin' that I can buy. I'll freeze onto some doughnuts and coffee. After I get through with all that spread I'll take in the movies. Hully Gee! If this yere Christmas ain't a buster, I'll eat my Sunday hat!"

Rocket hurried along grasping his money tighter with each step and humming the air of a rollicking song as he went. His heart was as light as his clothes, or possibly lighter.

As he turned a corner he saw a little girl whose clothing was as ragged and tattered as his own. In her little pinched face he could see the lines of sorrow while her large blue eyes were filled with tears. Her head was bare, and a mass of tangled curls fell upon her shoulders.

"Won't you help me, please?" she said. "I am hungry, and cold, and I wish I could die."

"Hain't yer got no folk ner nuthin', Kid?" Rocket asked as he felt strange tuggings at his heart, and then

the little waif told him of cruel treatment at he hands of a brutal father, and of a loving mother who was spending her first Christmas with the angels.

Rocket stood and stared at her as tears welled up in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. He thinks again of the good cheer that Christmas was to bring to him. Visions of roast turkey, with cranberry sauce, mince pies, and stacks of good things rise before him, and then he sees the ragged little girl with tears running down her cheeks. He feels a lump rising in his throat, but resolutely gulping down his disappointment, and with lip quivering and heart beating fast he snatches forth his cherished savings and hands it to her with the dignity of a prince. "Here, freeze on to that! I'm flush, and then yer needs it more'n me." Rocket turned and walked away so quickly that the girl could not thank him, but within his heart there was a peace and happiness which was greater than any he had known before, "and He who blessed the widow's mite looked down and smiled upon the sight."

There was no turkey, nor mince pies, nor movie show for Rocket that Christmas time. The day was dreary, and desolate. He had a crust of bread for his dinner, and not a penny in his pocket and yet Rocket was as happy as a king.

"Whatsoever ye have done to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

A Thought for Christmas

It always makes me feel sad,
And sort of angry, too;
To think of how they shut their doors,
Right in the face of You.

How sad Your Mother must have been
To think that God, Her Son,
Should ask an entrance of the folks
He made—and find not one.

How very glad I would have been,
Had I been living then
When Mary came with Joseph,
I'd have run to let them in.

Yet oftentimes a tiny voice,
Says soft and low to me:
"How often do you turn Him out
When in your heart He'd be?"

The little Jesus often longs,
To come and be your guest,
You bar the door—your heart—
And sadly He resumes His quest.

Oh, Jesus, dear, I love you so
That I will try to be,
So good that in my heart you'll find
A home eternally. —Exchange.

Letter Box

240 Sargeant St., Holyoke, Mass.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

In answer to your plea in last issue of the "Grail." I am sixteen years of age and attend the Holyoke High School. At our home we always get the "Grail" and we enjoy all the magazine especially the Children's Corner.

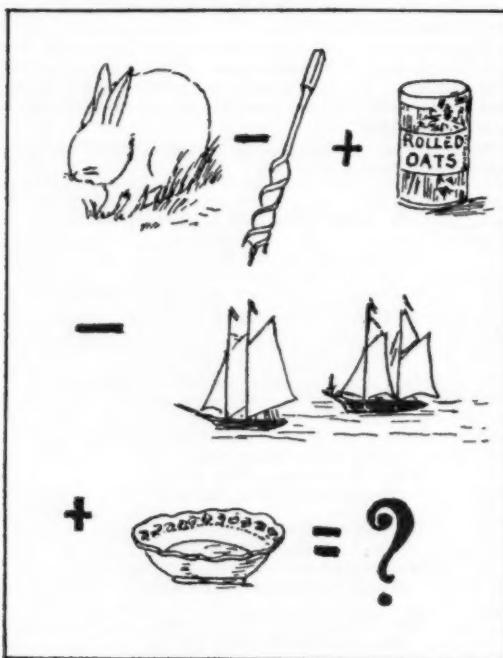
I have made two friends by answering their letters. Both are from New York, one is Eileen O'Boyle, the other, Margaret Stiegler. If I am admitted I would like to receive letters either from boys or girls. So wake up, boys and girls, this is no time for a long winter's nap.

I live in the "Paper City" or otherwise known as Holyoke. Holyoke is situated at the bend in the Connecticut River at the foot of Mt. Tom. It is not a big city; it is all mills; it has not many parks. Not very far from Holyoke is Deerfield, a place that the Indians attacked; and in eastern Massachusetts the great Mohawk Trail is about 168 miles long. Along this road are many places of historical interest. That is all for this time. Hoping I will be admitted to the Corner, I am,

Your new niece, Eleanor Kane.

Picture Puzzle

Cecilia McGrath, of Springfield, Ill., sent the following picture puzzle for the "Corner." Add and subtract as indicated in the drawing. The result will be a vegetable that grows in the spring.



An Irish Legend

REV. O. A. CASEY

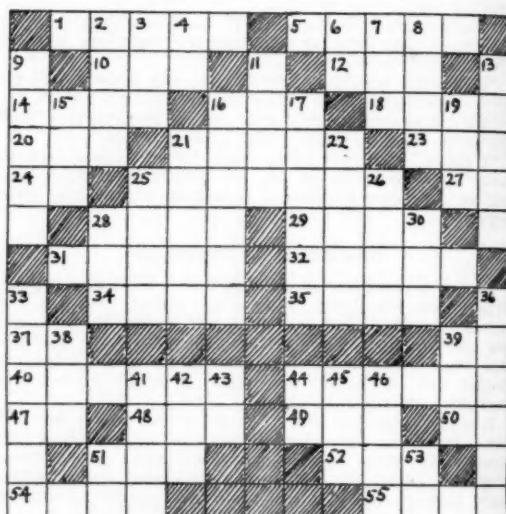
Pile high the turf upon the fire,
And make the cabin bright,
And put no bolt upon the door
This blessed Christmas night;
For if so be they pass this way,
And she in trouble sore,
They'll know an Irish welcome waits
Beyond the open door.

Now place this Christmas candle there—
Put one in every pane—
That they may see the blessed light
A-shining through the rain.
The curlew calls across the sky,
The winds are keening low,
Who knows but here they'll rest awhile
As on the way they go?

One Christmas Eve, long, long ago,
The doors were bolted fast,
And in the dawn's gray light they found
Their footprints as they passed;
For this the Christmas lights are set,
The doors are open wide,
That in her travail she may know
A place she may abide.

The inns were full, but there is room
This blessed Christmas night
For Mary and her Holy Child
Where shines the Christmas light.
Then set a candle in each pane,
That, passing, they may know
A welcome waits the Holy Child
Where Christmas lights bright glow.

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 11



What do you want for Christmas?
Perhaps you will find it on or around this tree.

Vertical

- 2—A vessel with wick for artificial light
- 3—Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers (abbr.)
- 4—United Kingdom (abbr.)
- 6—Near
- 7—to clip
- 8—Highly valued
- 9—A small timepiece
- 11—A precious stone of a red color
- 13—An instrument for reproducing sounds
- 15—A ball of wound thread
- 16—A firework projected through the air
- 17—To notify by nod or sign
- 19—A fondled child

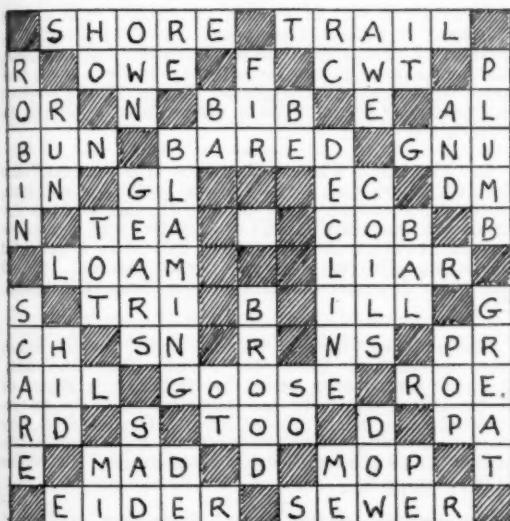
Horizontal

- 1—A blank book for photographs
- 5—A confection of sugar
- 10—Vessel in which Noah was saved
- 12—A band fastened around the neck
- 14—Highest point
- 16—to subject a body to pressure and friction
- 18—A child's word for father
- 20—Highest point of anything
- 21—Dress of state (plur.)
- 23—Of the color of blood
- 24—Compare (abbr.)
- 25—A two-wheeled velocipede
- 27—Titanium (abbr.)
- 28—A place for keeping money

21—Circular ornament of precious metal (plur.)
 22—Prepared piece of rock for writing upon
 25—Bid (past tense)
 26—Electric Light Terminal Station (abbr.)
 28—A piece of metal used as a lever
 30—To consume
 33—A string of beads for counting prayers
 36—Connected line of cars on a railroad (plur.)
 38—Package (abbr.)
 39—A spherical body
 41—A small fresh-water duck
 42—A snakelike fish
 44—Civil service (abbr.)
 43—Sir (abbr.)
 45—American Knitting Mills (abbr.)
 46—A mitten
 51—Canada West (abbr.)
 53—Care of (abbr.)

29—A cabbage whose leaves do not form a head
 31—A distinctive sign
 32—A fragrant oil made from roses
 34—Remainder
 35—Place in which eggs are laid
 37—Opposite (abbr.)
 39—Oriental (abbr.)
 40—Runners for moving rapidly on ice
 44—Apparatus for taking pictures
 47—Adjutant General (abbr.)
 48—Contraction for ever
 49—A long strip of wood for sliding over snow
 50—British India (abbr.)
 51—Calendar (abbr.)
 52—Marcus Tullius Cicero (abbr.)
 54—To howl
 55—Playthings for children

Solution to November Cross-Word puzzle



"Exchange" Smiles

"Great heavens, son, what a sight you are!"
 "I—fell—in the mud—puddle,—papa,—boohoo!"
 "And with your brand new pants on too?"
 "Yes,—papa, I—I—didn't have—ti-time—to take 'em off."

"Solomon may have been the wisest man, mother, but Adam was sure the luckiest!"
 "How's that, son?"
 "Because he was born a man and never had to go to school."

"Well, Marjory," asked Mother, who was accustomed to read her little girl a Bible story before bedtime, "what story shall I read you tonight?"

"The one about the ten girls who went out to meet the bridegroom and ran out of gasoline," replied the up-to-date little one.

"Say, son, have you forgotten that it is impolite to eat with your knife?"

"No, mama, but my fork leaks."

Abbey and Seminary

—Fr. William and Gabriel, who are pursuing their studies at Rome, spent the summer vacation at the renowned Benedictine Abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, the motherhouse of St. Meinrad Abbey. Before returning to the Eternal City for the fall term of school, Fr. William pronounced his solemn vows.

The surprise of the season came on the morning of October 28th when several inches of snow fell. Most of the forest trees were still in leaf. Vegetation in general had been scarcely touched by the frost. The "elephant ears" had been "pinched" and drooped a little. The woods forgot to don their usual brilliant autumn garb—the transition from summer to winter was so abrupt. Mercury hastily descended from rung to rung of the ladder down to the eighteenth "amendment." A second snow came on the 30th to deck the earth in a mantle of white. After some days there was pleasanter weather followed by "Indian summer."

—November with its rustling leaves brings thoughts of our beloved dead. For generations past November 2nd has been All Souls' Day—the Church's "decoration day." Visits to the cemetery, special services for the dead, and innumerable prayers and pious exercises occupy the day. Not to be forgotten, of course, is the great *totes quoties* indulgence, which many tried to gain.

—A Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered up on November 5th for our deceased benefactors, relatives, and confreres.

—Rev. R. H. Klyn, S. S. J., who has charge of the colored mission at Jackson, Tennessee, gave a lecture before the Mission Crusade in the Seminary on November 5th.



OCTOBER SNOW AT THE ABBEY—(1925)—SYCAMORE AND WEEPING WILLOW IN LEAF

—The new dormitory on the fourth floor of the College, christened "the ark," is now occupied. Henceforward the music hall will no longer resound at night with scores of snores.

—Rev. Joseph Kempf, class of '18, is taking a post-graduate course in philosophy at the Catholic University.

—Rev. Frederick Burget, an alumnus of College and Seminary, who was ordained at Louvain in 1900, celebrated his silver jubilee at the "Old Cathedral," Vincennes, on November 22nd.

—Rt. Rev. Denis O'Donaghue, Titular Bishop of Lebedus, an alumnus of the College, passed into eternity on November 14th. Bishop O'Donaghue was born in southern Indiana near Loogootee on November 30, 1848. His studies for the priesthood were begun at St. Meinrad, continued at Bardstown, Ky., and concluded at Montreal, Canada. Holy Orders were conferred upon the late Bishop at Indianapolis by Bishop Maurice de St. Palais on Sept. 7, 1874. Consecrated on April 26, 1900, Titular Bishop of Pomario, he was Auxiliary to Bishop Chatard of Indianapolis until 1910 when he was appointed ordinary of the diocese of Louisville; then, because of failing health, he retired from his charge in 1924 as Titular Bishop of Lebedus. Well informed on many subjects, Bishop O'Donaghue was an entertaining and interesting talker, to whom it was a pleasure to listen. Nor was he wanting in the humor for which the Celts are noted. Among other anecdotes that he used to tell with a keen sense of pleasure was a little incident that happened to himself while he was Auxiliary Bishop of Indianapolis. On one occasion he was returning from an episcopal visitation to a parish in the country. The dusty roads gave him a somewhat shabby appearance. As he entered the railway coach an elderly woman, whose brogue betrayed the daughter of Erin, detected his clerical appearance. Leaning over, she asked in a subdued tone whether he were a priest. "I used to be," replied the Bishop, meaning, of course, that he was now clothed with a higher dignity. "Was it drink?" inquired the sympathetic old lady. "No, the Bishop did it." —Two of Bishop O'Donaghue's sisters entered the Order of St. Benedict. One of these, Sister Boniface, is still living in New Orleans. A third became a Sister of Providence, while a brother, Father Tim, who preceded him in death a few years ago, was also a priest. R. I. P.

—Anthony Gerst, of Louisville, has gone to Rome to take up the study of philosophy and theology. Before going abroad, Mr. Gerst spent a day at the Seminary with former classmates and other friends.

—Mr. Bartholomew Piers, of New Albany, Indiana, the aged father of Bro. Benedict Joseph, met with a tragic death in mid-November. The old gentleman had been missing from home for some days when his body was found in the Ohio River near by. The circumstances that led up to this sad death are unknown. R. I. P.

—In a few short weeks the students will depart for a brief vacation during the holidays. The Southern Rail-

way has volunteered a special train to Louisville with a special car to Indianapolis. Previously each student will receive a questionnaire as to route and destination. Several days before the time of departure a railroad official will be at the Seminary to supply each "vacationist" with a through ticket. The trip to Louisville will be made in two hours and forty-five minutes. At Louisville the special car north will be detached at Fourteenth Street and attached to the 11 o'clock train for Indianapolis, which will be reached at 2:15 p. m.

Book Notices

"Pranzini," a story about the "Little Flower," is interestingly told for boys and girls of the third and fourth grades by a Sister of Notre Dame. Paper, 20¢. The Ad-Vantage Press, 436 Pioneer St., Cincinnati, O.

The Official Information Bureau of Switzerland, 241 Fifth Avenue, New York City, "extends a cordial invitation to all lecturers, educators and other persons contemplating to lecture about Switzerland, before public audiences, to avail themselves of the attractive lantern slides and motion picture films which the Bureau loans entirely free of charge to such parties. Descriptive and illustrated literature about the land of the Alps is also at the disposal of persons desirous of gathering additional material for their proposed lectures."

Stratford & Co., of Boston, announce "Sails on the Horizon," a collection of poems by Rev. Charles J. Quirk, S. J., that will be out by Christmas (price \$1.00), Mahlon Leonard Fisher, prominent American poet, and associate editor of "The Golden Galleon," has written the preface. Some of these poems have appeared in THE GRAIL.

In "The Little Flower's Love for Her Parents," the first of a series of Little Flower books for children, Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C. Ph. D., has written for children a charming booklet of 32 pages with numerous original drawings in color. This will make a splendid Christmas gift for children. Price 20¢ net. \$18.00 per 100. Bensiger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

"Little Queen," another "Little Flower" booklet, comes from Ad-Vantage Press, 436 Pioneer St., Cincinnati. This the second of a series by Philothea, a Sister of Notre Dame, who tells an attractive story to an interested group of children at school. Our children may learn many wholesome lessons from the virtuous life of the "Little Flower." Price 20¢ postpaid; six copies \$1.00, postage 6¢.

The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament (185 East 76th St., New York) has issued a beautiful calendar for 1926. The background shows in colors the Monstrance with worshipping angels. A pad attached, with a separate leaf for each day, shows the month, date, day, feast, and gives select quotations from the saints and from other sources. Price 50¢.

Personal experiences are always appealing. The experiences of a parish priest are diverse and many and so often show the workings of God's Providence, that we take them almost as a matter of course. In "The Finger of God" Father Robert W. Brown, M. A., recounts a large number of such experiences. All Catholics can find edification, comfort, and interest in the reading of this book of actual occurrences. Benziger Bros. Net. \$1.75.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Capture of Santa Claus

Oh greet the merry Yuletide,
When water's turned to stone,
And fairy crystals flutter down,
To build Jack Frost a throne

OOOH Jimmie, come quick! Lookut it snowing!
Ain't you glad?"
"Glad? Naw!" replied Jimmie Hogan surly.
"Why, Jimmie! I thought you said you liked snow?" protested his sister Rose.

"Aw shucks, how can a fellow be glad when someone went and crooked the swell sled I made last summer so it would be all ready when the snow came? Wish I knew who took it; I'd go right over there and demand it back offen 'em! And I wouldn't be a-scared to, neither!"

"I think it was them Eyetalians which lived down-stairs last year. You know how crazy that kid Tonio was for it. I'll bet they took it when they moved out o' here."

Jimmie made a sound of inarticulate rage, and shook his fist at the departed "Eyetalians."

"Betcha they used it for kindlin' by this time, darn 'em!" He looked so disconsolate that Rose, the soft-hearted, slipped off the window sill where she had been sitting and put her arm around her brother.

"Shucks, Jimmie, I wouldn't worry about the old thing. We can go out and make snowballs and play fort, and get back at the Lincoln School kids, and soak old man Rosenbaum's hat when he comes for the rent. And—say, Jimmie, maybe you could make a new one with some of the boards from Radley's old shed which fell down last week. They won't put it up no more anyhow."

"Gosh," protested Jimmie, "think I got time to be makin' sleds when the snow's here already? No sir! Got to go out and have yer fun before it melts."

"Then come on! Here comes Gram. Hello, Gram; back from work already?" For poor little Jimmie and Rose, whose father and mother were somewhere "at large," lived with their grandmother, who worked nights and mornings scrubbing offices, and tried her best to eke out a living for herself and her two charges. Whether the children's parents were dead or alive, no one knew, but if you asked the old grandmother, she would tell you, with a tear in her eye, that her Jamie had always been a good boy, but that he had "met up

with the wrong girl," married her, and since then they had been living a flotsam and jetsam sort of life. The wife, an irresponsible young girl, had evinced a dislike for everything domestic, shirking even the responsibility of her babies, and relegating it to the patient old grandmother, who, rather than let the children grow up in the precarious atmosphere of the gay hotels where the young woman persuaded her husband to live, far beyond their means, had kept them with her, and taught them all they should know of their faith.

Now the couple lived in this city, now in that; Jamie used to write of the wonderful jobs he had. But when it came to money, never a cent did the old grandmother receive; Jamie had complained that he needed every cent of it for his young wife's extravagances. If he did not give them to her, she threatened to leave him. She was a Protestant, he a Catholic—the old, old story of the mixed marriage, and bitter differences, and a neck-breaking pace which the husband tried to keep up to please the woman who had so dazzled him before marriage.

"Come and eat your breakfast, children," said Gram, undoing several packages which she held in her arm. "I bought bread and butter and bacon for you today, for you have been good children, and deserve a treat." But little Rose, womanly beyond her years, ran to Gram and embraced her.

"Oh, poor little Gram; why did you do it? Plain bread an coffee is good enough; isn't it, Jimmie? We don't want you to spend anything extra on us, Gram. You mustn't, do you hear?"

"But I bought it, so you must eat it now," protested Gram.

"Well then, Gram, dear, you will have to eat it with us. No sneaking out the back door while we're eating, like you always do!"

"No, I won't!" agreed Gram, obediently, meanwhile placing the bacon on the skillet.

"Jimmie, lock the door so Gram can't run away. She needs it as much as we do." Gram stooped to kiss Rose, and inwardly thanked God that neither of her grandchildren seemed to have inherited any of their mother's fly-away traits; they were both so loving and thoughtful of her.

Breakfast over, the two children, putting on such wraps as they possessed, though these were threadbare and ill suited to withstand the assault of the blizzard outside, ran laughing and care free out to the street.

"Oh look!" cried Jimmie, forgetting the loss of his

sled in the joy of breasting a glorious snowstorm, "the water in the gutter is frozen! Ain't it keen? Let's walk all along the gutter and break it in!" They played the better part of the morning out in the storm, until their hands stiff and cold from making snowballs and snow men, they ran in to get warm.

"Wow! I think it's getting colder every minute, don't you, Rose?" asked Jimmie, rubbing his hands together and breathing on them.

"Yes; I don't think I'm going out any more. I'm going in and write a letter to Santa Claus. I want a woolen cap and rubbers and some gloves, so my hands won't be so cold when I make snowballs. What do you want, Jimmie?"

"Shucks, do you think Santa'll think about coming around here this year? I think he forgot this street last year. If I thought there was any chance of his coming around here, I'd ask for a sled; then I wouldn't have to bother making one."

"Well, it won't do no harm to write him. Say, don't that look like the truant officer coming down the street? Let's hide down the cellar. He won't understand that Gram don't want to send us to no old Public School, there not bein' no Cath'lic school around here. She said after New Year she's goin to move close to Holy Angels, so we can go there. But he won't take no such explanation." So the two children disappeared quickly down the cellar steps and into the basement, closing the door after them. The man was not a truant officer, but Jimmie and Rose hid behind the old hulk of a furnace that had seen better days, when the tenement in which they lived was a beautiful three-floor residence—now, long since fallen into dilapidation along with the rest of the neighborhood.

After about fifteen minutes of whispering and peeping, they decided that the coast was clear, so emerged from their corner.

"Say! Let's play horse on the flue pipe, what do you say?" suggested Jimmie, suiting his actions to his words, and straddling the long, rusted pipe which led from the furnace to the chimney. Rose climbed up, and for some minutes they were having the time of their lives, bobbing up and down, until an ominous cracking sound caused them to stop.

"Jump, Rose! She's going to break down!" called out Jimmie, but before they could leap down, there was a crunching sound, as of rusted, crumbling tin, and Jimmie and Rose found themselves seated upon the broken cement floor, deluged with soot.

"Wow! Wait till Gram sees us! She'd get scared and run, thinking we're niggers come to rob the place. Let's go up and fool her!" But Rose shook her head.

"No! Poor Gram has enough trouble with us, without scaring her and making her wash us. Let's wash down here and wipe ourselves on those old rags in that box." No sooner said than done, although the finished job left much to be desired. Having rubbed their faces with the icy water of the cellar hydrant, they ran over to the old box of rags in the corner, which was left there along with a clutter of old, broken and discarded

furniture, boxes, broomsticks, papers, etc., by a succession of tenants. Rose thrust her hand into the box, grasped what she thought was a rag—and pulled out an old doll, china-faced, hairless, and empty of eyes—but a doll for all that. The poor child had never had a doll before, and with a cry of ecstasy, she hugged the dilapidated cast-off to her bosom.

"Oh, Jimmie! Isn't she simply wonderful? Now we can play mammas and papas. Wet this rag for me quick; I want to wash my baby's face."

Immediately, the instinct of make-belief, so strong in all children, had clothed the soiled, ragged toy in a dainty, new dress, grown hair on its hollow pate, and filled the empty eye-holes with pretty blue eyes. She dandled it, and cuddled it, and talked to it as if it were a "really truly" baby, while Jimmie strutted about, his hands in his pockets, and pretended he was the grown-up papa who had important business, an office to go to, and plenty of money in his pockets. Suddenly, Rose grew thoughtful.

"Jimmie," she said, presently, "I wonder why our mamma don't want us? Do you remember the time we went up to the fine hotel to see her, and I cried and begged to stay with her, so I could have a mamma like other little girls, and she said, 'No, you must go back to Grandma's; I can't be bothered with you.'" Jimmie snorted.

"Hm; guess she didn't think we was pretty enough, 'cause you got freckles, and she laughed and said I ain't got no nose at all, and what there was of it, looked like a doorbell push button. Hm! Guess I didn't make my own nose and you didn't splash yourself full of freckles on purpose. Gram said God made us, and nobody has got a right to laugh at what He makes." For a few moments the two were silent, buried in thought.

"Jimmie," then resumed Rose, "when I get big, if I have any babies, I'm going to keep them right by me and hug and kiss them all day, aint' you?"

"Yes, and I'm going to work for them, and come home every night, and give each one a turn to play horse on my knee."

"Of course, I'd let them go to school, but when they'd come home I'd have a whole table full of ice cream and bananas and chocolate caramels and cream cake ready for them. And I'd never, never let them cry for their mamma even one minute!"

"Me neither!"

* * * * *
Christmas Eve came on white, feathery footsteps, and Gram had taken Jimmie and Rose to Holy Angels' in the afternoon to confession, a walk of some eight or ten blocks. Then home again, where they had an early supper, and Gram was off again to her office-scrubbing, which was not omitted even for Christmas Eve. But there was a holiday bustle on the streets, which affected even Gram's careworn heart, and she walked more light-footed than usual to her work, for the spirit of Christmas tide floated magically in the air.

Though Jimmie and Rose had written their almost

illegible scrawls of letters to Santa Claus, yet Gram warned them not to expect him too implicitly, because he might be too busy to come on their street, and she hadn't any money to give him. But they felt sure that when he learned of their poverty, he would not want any money, and somehow, in their hearts, they were certain he would not forget them this year. They had obtained permission of their grandmother to go out and look in the gay shop windows, having given her their promise not to stay out later than nine o'clock. Poor things, she told herself, it would be a shame to deny them at least this small consolation to make up for the disappointment they would feel when Santa failed to come.

Joyfully they tripped down the snow-covered street, hardly noticing the rising wind, which made fair to freeze up things tight by morning. Oh the glory of the brilliant windows with their myriads of light and toys and tinsel and tempting confections! They stopped before a butcher's shop, where a swath of balsam trees stood upright against the wall, and buried their faces in the fragrant branches to inhale the Christmassy breath of them.

"Oh look, Jimmie," cried Rose, "that lady is buying a turkey. And yum, yum, she's getting cranberries and celery and potatoes and lettuce, and—"

"She's getting a holly wreath too," supplemented Jimmie. And so they watched the customers within, and, far from bewailing their own poverty-stricken state, danced up and down with bliss as each new customer came out laden with holiday goods, as if they too were to enjoy all this bounty. "When I'm big," continued Jimmie, "I'm going to work and get a lot of money, and buy Gram a Christmas dinner like that, and you must cook it, and Gram shan't scrub offices any more, and we'll not let her do a lick of work, will we?"

"No sir! We'll buy her a Morris chair and make her sit and read all day."

And so they walked along, and smiled up into the faces of passers-by whose arms were loaded with bundles, and were glad to be in the midst of the happy bustle. At last, however, Rose began to yawn.

"Gee, Jimmie, I'm getting tired. Let's go home and hang up our stockings and go to bed. We must go to early Mass in the morning, you know."

So, reluctantly leaving the bright lights behind, they turned down a dark by-street, which, however, was quite familiar to them, and they traversed it all unafraid. Suddenly, Jimmie stopped.

"What's that funny sound?" he asked, holding Rose back with his hand. Stealthily, he crept forward, straining his eyes into the darkness.

"Sounds like somebody snoring," whispered Rose. Creeping closer to the sound, they found that it came from a huddled figure seated on a doorstep. And just then an automobile with high-powered lights turned the corner and flashed its rays full upon the little group.

"Hooray! It's Santa Claus!" shouted Jimmie.

"Poor fellow!" pitied Rose. "He's so worn out from

making toys and bringing them around that he's fallen asleep. Let's take him to our house and maybe he'll give us something."

"Hey, Santy! Don't sleep out here; come home with us." And the two children grasped the limp, glove-covered hands and pulled with all their might. Santa woke up and rubbed his eyes.

"Wotsa matter? Wotcha wake me up for?" asked the man sleepily.

"Please, dear Santa," replied Rose, "Won't you come home and sleep in our bed? You'll catch cold out here." They pulled at his hands harder, and the fellow allowed himself to be dragged to his feet, blinking meanwhile.

"Come this way, Santa; I'll make you a cup of coffee when we get home. You must be most froze to death, sitting out here."

"Eh! Wot the— Where you kids draggin' me? I ain't no—" But, suddenly, his mouth snapped shut. "Gosh, what am I sayin'?" he mused. "Mustn't spoil these kids' fun." Then, aloud, "Say, have I been over on your street yet? Ya see, I got kinda tired, deliverin' so many presents, and I've kinda forgotten whose house I was at last."

"No, Santa, you didn't come to our house yet, but we knew you meant to come this year. Gram said she had no money to give you; you don't ask people for no money, do ya," said Jimmie, confidently.

"Naw! Might as well give you your stuff now; so come along." Taking each child by the hand, he led them back to the brightly lighted stores, and let them have their pick of toys and sweets, and even shouldered a small tree and promised to carry it home for them. Had the doors of Heaven opened and Jimmie and Rose been allowed to enter, they could not have been more blissfully happy. Full of talk, thy trudged home beside "Santa," who, listening to their chatter, gleaned several facts which caused him to ask a number of questions. He made some inarticulate sounds like groans, but the children were too happy to notice.

Reaching home, they set up the tree, decked it with the balls and tinsel Santa had brought in a bag, and lit the candles. When they were at the height of merriment, the door opened, and in walked Gram! And maybe her eyes didn't open wide when she saw the tree and the toys and Santa himself!

"Excuse me just a moment, folks," said Santa. "I'll be back." Saying that, he left the dingy tenement room and went out to the street, returning in a half hour or so with a basket of provisions, and several other large bundles. When he reached the Hogans' room, however, Jimmie and Rose were already asleep, their toys hugged tight to their breasts beneath the ragged coverlet. Old Grandma Hogan arose with fresh surprise at the stranger's generosity, and tears rolled down her eyes as she tried to find words to thank him. He dumped his parcels on the table, saying nothing; undoing one, he handed Gram a long, warm coat; another contained a dress and coat for Rose; yet another, stockings, shoes, and a suit for Jimmie.

"Sir," said Gram, with streaming eyes, "I do not

know who you are, but may the good God bless you for the rest of your life." And she wrung his hand fervently. Santa stood quite still for a moment, then, suddenly, his hand shot up and tore off his mask.

"Jamie! My God!" and "Mother!" they both cried and were in each other's arms. Afterwards, when they were calmer, he told her how the children had found him.

"We were deeply in debt," he explained. "Our creditors were hounding us, so I worked all day at my trade, and nights played Santa in Hartling's Department Store, to relieve the day Santa. I was up every night until eleven and twelve, and sleep got me at last. I was so weary that I sank to the first doorstep and just died away, until the children found me. I was through for the evening, and Hartling had just paid me, so I thought I would treat them. But I never dreamed I was playing Santa to my own young ones!"

"God is very good to us!" said Gram fervently. "Praise be to Him. And Alicia—where is she?" James hung his head.

"Last night when I got home, I found this." And he showed Gram a slip of paper. It was a note from his wife, saying that she was tired of the penny-pinching life she was forced to lead with him, and she was leaving him for good.

Next morning, as Gram was coming up the stairs with a bottle of milk left downstairs by the milkman, she heard cries of "Daddy! Daddy!" and thanked God anew for His infinite mercy.

Christmas Customs

Americans seemingly have no Christmas customs which they might call their own; most of our customs are borrowed. Our Christmas carols appear to have come from the Holy Land itself, from that first Holy Night when the angels sang; our Christmas trees by way of Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; our stockings hung in the chimney from France or Belgium; and our Christmas cards, yule logs, boars' heads, plum puddings and mince pies from England. About the only thing we may be said to have contributed to the time-honored feast is the turkey—and let us not forget squash pie.

But to turn to the very beginning. Yuletide was celebrated as early as two thousand years before the coming of Christ by the Aryans. They were sun-worshippers, and believed that the sun was born each morning anew. But as the year advanced, and his power became less day by day, these primitive people feared he would be swallowed up altogether and forced to remain in the underworld. When, therefore, after many months, he was noticed to regain his power gradually, there was great rejoicing and feasting. But it was doubtless from the Roman Saturnalia that the custom of present-giving and revelry have been derived. The Druids held the mistletoe in great reverence because of its mysterious birth, growing out of the side of other trees. The Saxons brought it into their yuletide celebrations, and believed that it had magic properties. Almost every pagan

country had its own peculiar yuletide celebrations, and so firmly entrenched was the love of these annual customs in the hearts of the people that the Fathers of the Church, far from abolishing them after the conversion of the people, fell in with these customs, and ordained that they should be celebrated on the occasion of Our Lord's birthday, thus turning their naturally religious inclinations to the true God.

In primitive England, when a family, with its relatives to the third and fourth degree, were all housed in one great room, a hearth was built in the center, and the smoke from the yule log found its way to an opening in the center of the thatched roof. There was a long table in one end; instead of plates they had large biscuits of bread, cut in half to receive the meats that were served. Fingers were used instead of forks, and the bread protected the finely woven cloth from the juices. Afterwards, this bread was put into a basket and given as alms to the poor. To this day the yule log is the principal feature of Christmas festivity in England.

In Germany the festive season begins with St. Nicholas day; every household, even the poorest, manages to have a Christmas tree on the Nativity; and children look forward with eagerness and awe to the visit of Kris Kringle (probably derived from Krist Kindel, meaning Christ Child), who brings them gifts.

In France, early in December wooden booths are set up in the streets, where all manner of toys, sweets and fancy articles are on display, and remain so until Christmas is over. They have borrowed the English custom of the yule log and the German one of the decorated tree, and the children hang up their stockings, or receive goodies in their shoes, if these are left overnight beside the fireplace.

In Spain, where it is warm, the populace spends Christmas Eve in the streets, singing and dancing and playing on stringed instruments until midnight, when the bells proclaim the birth of Christ, and all go to church. Then there is more dancing and singing in the streets until dawn.

In Italy everyone has a crib erected in his living room, and on Christmas Eve, they make a ceremony of bringing the Infant in, and each one prays before it, before it is laid in the manger.

In Scandinavian countries the entire day of Christmas is spent in reunions and great dinners and feasts. And in all these countries the church is the center of greatest solemnity on that day, and everybody makes it his solemn duty to attend all the services.

Pretty Gifts You Can Make

For some people Christmas means many weary days downtown shopping for just the right thing for Mamma and Josie and Grandpa and Aunt Sophie; and oh, what shall I get for Cousins Aileen and Anna, and the girls of the club? Anyone having a "bought Christmas" is losing a great deal of fun and pleasure, not to mention the appreciation of the recipients; why not have a "handmade" Christmas? Did you ever receive a pretty

gift from someone, and like it passably, until the person told you that she made it "all herself," and the gift suddenly took on a new interest, and thereafter you never showed it to anyone without adding that enticing little phrase—"she made it herself"? Or are you laboring under the mistaken attitude that it will "look homemade"?

Not if you have an eye to pretty things yourself, and a scrap of imagination; haven't you a lot of odds and ends of silks, laces, cretonnes, pieces of dress goods, ribbons, velvets? Or do you throw away such things? If so, start right now to save for next Christmas—also save candy boxes, perfume bottles, coffee tins and other receptacles, for, with a little time and thought, they can be made into things of beauty.

If you have saved your pieces, haul out the patch bag and let us see what is there; here is a piece of black silk poplin—let's see, how long is it? A yard and a half—but narrow; only eight inches wide. Why, that will make Grandpa a wonderful muffler. You can either make deep hems and hemstitch them, or fringe out the ends and knot them. Here is a beautiful piece of cretonne; take that tin box; paste it on smoothly and neatly, and line it with silk. Pad the bottom with cotton, in which some sachet powder is hidden. If you have some pieces of lawn or cambric or linen, or colored organdie or silk crepe, you can make some stunning little handkerchiefs to put in it. Edge one with lace, hemstitch one in color, bind one with a contrasting color, or crochet one a simple edge if you have time.

Or perhaps Cousin Anna just dotes on homemade fudge; in that case, don't line the box with cloth—just with paraffine paper, and make her a boxful of the coveted dainty. Then tie it with a wide red satin ribbon, with the bow on top, and slip in a sprig of holly. Can't you see her eyes light up when she opens it and finds your card?

Perfume bottles may be covered with a band of flowered silk or cretonne, edged with silk or gold braid, or gathered Valenciennes lace and refilled with perfume. Place in box covered with silk or pretty wall paper, or pocket made of covered cardboard. Aunt Sophie would perhaps appreciate a new lamp shade for her boudoir lamp; you can make it over the old frame, or if you wish to surprise her, buy a new one in a different shape. The small lamp shade frames are as low as 10¢, and are very easy to cover; just shirr the silk or cretonne on the wire and cover with fancy braid. I know Mother would be pleased to receive a table runner made of that piece of black or blue or red taffeta, with borders of cretonne in bands on the ends, and narrow gold braid along the long edge.

The club girls will like desk sets in cretonne, or puff and handkerchief cases, or small jewel boxes, made of cardboard and lined inside and out with a piece of that luxurious velvet, with cotton padding beneath; or a hand-covered box, tied with ribbon and containing some good pound stationery; or a jardiniere made of a low coffee tin or square box; these may be enamelled in black or any bright color, with cretonne flowers cut out

and pasted on, or covered entirely with cretonne and tied with ribbon; then filled with sand and artificial flowers or ferns; or a glass dish placed inside, filled with wet pebbles and sand, in which grow some Chinese lilies, raised by yourself. If started in September, they should bloom by Christmas.

This is only a starter, and anyone with a lively imagination ought to be able to visualize countless other clever gifts, which will cost little or nothing, but be enriched in value by the love and patience of the giver.

First Aid Hints

If baby puts a button up his nose, mother should not become excited; get the pepper shaker, place a little on the hand and have child smell it. This will result in sneezing, which will bring it down. If not, hold empty nostril shut, and have child blow his nose hard. This method will usually dislodge the object. Never dig in nostril with anything; this will only drive the object higher up, which will make it more difficult to remove. If persistent trying of the above simple method will not move object, a doctor should be seen at once, as infection and swelling may result.

If a child should swallow something that lodges in his throat, choking and gagging him, turn child upside down, shake him and firmly pat his back. The object will usually come out.

Splinters driven into the flesh are sometimes very painful; usually, they may be removed by pressing the skin so that splinter stands upright, and with a penknife inserted beneath, may be removed with the thumb. Splinters behind the finger nails are painful and hard to remove; in cases where it seems impossible to remove a bad splinter, purchase some rabbit fat of the druggist, and apply *behind* the splinter, wrapping up with small cloth. In a day or two, the splinter will have slid out of itself. *Never* place the fat *on* or *in front* of opening, as this will drive splinter in deeper. Several applications may be necessary.

Sudden attacks of toothache may be relieved by holding very hot water upon the tooth; still better, put ordinary listerine in the hot water, or wet cotton with pure listerine and pack into cavity with toothpick. Oil of cloves is also good on cotton. Hot flannels placed on the side of face where pain is, will also help.

Household Hints

When buying a Christmas tree, choose the balsam, as it falls the least.

Tree ornaments are expensive, and two or three dozen are hardly noticeable on a large tree. Did you think of going into the woods for pine cones, burrs, sycamore pods, and others. These can be painted in bright colors and the tips gilded or silvered; they are beautiful when finished.

Lay an old sheet on the floor beneath the tree, and save a lot of hard carpet sweeping.

A set of coat hangers, enameled in pretty bright colors, pink, pale blue, light green, orange, etc., with a

pretty bunch of ribbon tied on the hook of each to match, will make an inexpensive and dainty gift.

Save bright odds and ends of silks, satins and crepes, and they will come in handy in the making of no end of pretty gifts—hand bags, puff cases, handkerchief holders, flower clusters, with sachet concealed in them, boudoir caps, fancy handkerchiefs, etc.

When boiled potatoes are wanted in a hurry, put on the salted water to heat at once; it will be boiling by the time they are peeled.

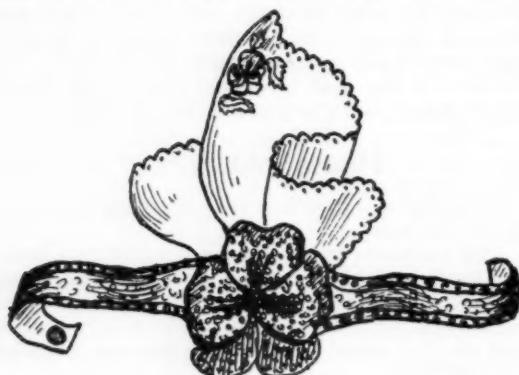
Recipes

SPICE CAKE: Beat 3 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening until light. Add 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon allspice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, and 2 teaspoons soda dissolved in 3 teaspoons boiling water. Then add 1 cup buttermilk or thick sour milk, and 3 cups flour. Beat well. Pour into pans and bake in hot oven. For drop cakes, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup more flour. Time of baking, 20 minutes; temperature, 400 degrees. Fills 3 8-inch pans.

ANISE CAKES: Stir 4 eggs and 2 cups sugar into a light cream. Add a few drops anise oil, 1 teaspoon powdered hartshorn, flour enough to roll. Stamp with figured board, which can be bought in any department store. Cut in the squares marked off on the board, put in greased pans, and let cakes stand over night to dry. Bake 15 minutes or so in very slow oven in the morning. Try with darning needle or straw. These are very simple and easy to make.

Needlework Design

For December we give a design which is both dainty and appropriate as a Christmas gift—a beaded bracelet in pansy design, to clasp around the wrist, and containing a pocket behind the flower for holding a pretty handkerchief. The idea comes straight from Paris, where they are being extensively worn, and well-dressed



BEADED
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women there are taking pride in the fact that these dainty accessories are made by their own hands.

The pansy is beaded solidly in purple and yellow—the three upper petals in purple, with yellow stripes and center, and the two lower leaves in yellow. Or this order may be reversed, and the three upper petals beaded in yellow with purple stripes and center, and two lower petals in purple. Either way is pretty. The straps extending on either side of the flower are in green, a light green in the center, and a darker shade as a border; or the border may be in black beads. Cut glass beads, while slightly more expensive, repay one by their glittering richness. The handkerchief has a pansy embroidered in the corner, and is edged with tiny scallops, in each of which a dot or eyelet is embroidered. Pattern for bracelet and handkerchief, 20¢. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

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No. 2568—Charming Style. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2584—Dress for Stout. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2465—Long Sleeve Dress. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2588—New Style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 18-inch contrasting.

No. 1655—One-piece Apron. The home woman will appreciate a gift like this, if she received it in among her Xmas gifts. It is easy to make and would be suitable for cretonne, gingham or muslin. Cut in 1 size only and requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

No. 2581—Attractive Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2589—Coat Frock. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 42-inch material.

No. 2582—Frock with Godets. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2311—Smart Apron Style. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2244—Pajamas for the boy or girl is a suitable Xmas gift. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 1999—Character doll's set. Consisting of rompers closing at the back with full-length kimono sleeves, one-piece, slip on nightdress with kimono sleeves, shirt, drawers, cap and bib. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 22 inches. For material requirements, see pattern envelope.

No. 1780—Bolster Pillow. Nothing could be nicer for a gift for the home woman, than this attractive pillow. Tapestry, velvet or cretonne are suitable materials. Cut in one size only and requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch dark material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 31-inch light material.

No. 2013—Round Corded Pillow. Another attractive pillow for the living room is shown in 2013. Tapestry and cretonne can be used for this pillow. Cut in one size and requires 1½ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18-inch contrasting.

No. 2010—Boys' Blouse. This blouse would be just the thing to give young son for Xmas. Striped percale or silk are suitable materials. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 32-inch material.



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If you wish you may publish this which I call a real miracle worked through the good St. Anthony. Praised be God through His Servant St. Anthony. This letter may seem strange but it is a true thanksgiving and I ask you to believe this miracle and also to kindly continue your prayers on my behalf. Thanking you once again for placing my note on dear St. Anthony's Shrine, with a promise for future prayers for you through the same dear Saint, I remain as before

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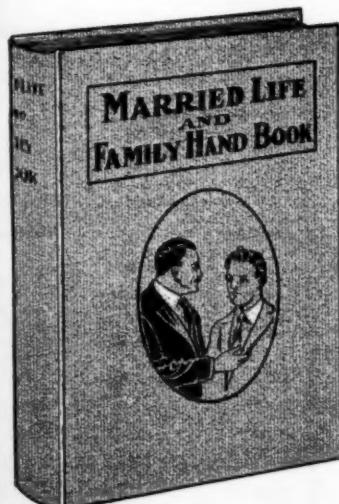
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